WITHDRAWN

The Trail Of Moses

by Louis Albert Banks

HURST MEMORIAL LIBRARY
pacific christian college

From HARRY D. SCHAEFER
Missionary to India

2500 east nutwood ave. fullerton, ca 92631

252.3 B218o
Banks, Louis Albert, 1855-
1933.
On the trail of Moses

49053

DEMCO

HURST MEMORIAL LIBRARY
Pacific Christian College
2500 E. Nutwood
Fullerton, CA. 92631

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/ontrailofmoses0000loui_z1c6

On the Trail of Moses

A Series of Revival Sermons

BY

Rev. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

PASTOR GRACE M. E. CHURCH, NEW YORK

Author of "Christ and His Friends," "Paul and His Friends," "Anecdotes and Morals," "The Unexpected Christ," etc., etc.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

NEW YORK AND LONDON

HURST MEMORIAL LIBRARY
Pacific Christian College
2500 E. Nutwood
Fullerton, CA. 92631

Copyright, 1903
By FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

Printed in the United States
Published, May, 1903

49053 252.3 B218o

THE AUTHOR'S PARTING WORD

THE sermons in this volume were all delivered in a series of revival meetings held in Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, during the month of January, 1903. Their sole purpose was to persuade men and women to accept Christ as a personal Savior then and there.

They all began under the Law, but they all ended under the Gospel. They were greatly blessed of God in their delivery in bringing about many conversions. They are published as they were delivered, and for the same purpose.

With a brother's greeting to every Christian worker into whose hands they may come, they are sent forth with a sincere prayer that they may prove helpful to others whose chief mission in life is to win souls.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

NEW YORK CITY, *April 3, 1903.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Baby's Tears,	1
A Young Man's Choice,	12
The Man Left Behind,	21
The Voice in the Flame,	33
The Rejected Honor,	41
A King's Ignorance,	50
A Transient Repentance,	60
A Hardening Heart,	71
The Saving Blood-Stains,	82
The Guiding Pillar,	92
The Drowning Monarch,	104
The Bitter Water Sweetened,	113
The Wells and Palms of Elim,	124
Food from Heaven,	133
Aaron and Hur,	142
God's Handwriting,	152
The Golden Calf,	161
Life's Climax,	173

PAGE

HORNETS AND ANGELS, ... 184

THE INVITATIONS OF MERCY, ... 192

THE HEALING SERPENT, ... 201

THE SINNER'S REFUGE, ... 211

TASTING THE FRUIT, YET LOSING THE LAND, . . 221

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE, ... 230

THE EAGLE'S NEST, ... 241

THE ROCK OF AGES, ... 251

TRIALS MATCHED WITH STRENGTH, ... 259

MOUNT PISGAH'S SUMMIT, ... 268

THE END OF THE TRAIL, ... 277

MOSES THE IMMORTAL, ... 289

ON THE TRAIL OF MOSES

A BABY'S TEARS

"Behold, the babe wept."—*Ex.* ii. 6.

Not much to see, you say — a crying baby; something one can see anywhere; but, after all, is there anything so pathetic, is there anything which will so move the human heart, as a baby's tears? We are divided by fictitious walls into classes and aristocracies and castes, but a baby's tears will melt them down, every one. Yonder amid the reeds, by the shore of the River Nile, carrying its water on the long journey from the Mountains of the Moon to the sea, a mother, with all the cunning of a mother's love, has laid her little ark of bulrushes to float and wait, while the sister watches and the mother prays that the tiny little voyager shall come into a safe harbor.

While the little ark floats silently, and the sister watches with her heart in her throat, and the mother prays, down from the palace comes a young princess. She is the daughter of the great king.

Every inch the queen she looks as she walks toward the river with noble ladies about her. As soon as she arrives at the brink of the Nile, she sees the dainty little ark and has it brought to her. Curiously she opens it, and the little babe, only three months old, looks up at the strange face and cries in fear. She is the daughter of the king, and she knows that the baby is the son of a slave and has a price on its head; but her woman's heart is all compassion; those tears melt her very soul; all her haughtiness goes down before them.

The little watcher, twelve-years-old Miriam, comes tripping so silently from her hiding-place that she is not noticed until she stands at the elbow of the king's daughter and inquires if she shall go and call one of the Hebrew women to nurse the little babe. It takes a woman to know a woman, and no doubt Pharaoh's daughter saw through the little ruse and imagined into whose hands the baby would go. But why not? It would be all the better for the baby to have his mother's arms, and her little protégé would be the surer of kind and tender care. The baby's tears made a great capture that day; they brought Moses to a safe haven in his mother's home and heart, and gave him the backing of the throne of Egypt for his education for the work of life.

What Moses's tears wrought for him with Pha-

raoh's daughter, Christianity is constantly doing for childhood everywhere. Christ took a little child and set him up in the midst of the men who were discussing the question of human greatness. He gave us there a picture, good for all ages to come, in which we may see the spirit and work of Jesus. If we were to select but one scene in the ministry of Christ to illustrate the spirit of his Gospel and the effect it has produced in the world, we could not do better than choose that one in which he took a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples, and told them that he was the sign and type of the coming kingdom. He was the first and only one among religious teachers and founders of a religion to select a child, and that which the child stands for, to show what the kingdom of God was like.

The Child that lay in the manger of Bethlehem has come to rule in the affections of multiplied millions of people. The influence of the Christ-Child, extending over nineteen hundred years, has brought comfort to sorrowing hearts. It has softened the hearts of kings and of oppressors of the poor. It has made the lives of children everywhere more tolerable. It has brought into common life and put in the place of honor the tender sentiments and honorable virtues which had no proper place and authority in the ancient world.

Wherever Christianity prevails, the child and the sentiments of the home which Jesus set in the midst of his disciples have come to something like supreme authority in the organization of modern life. The civilization of any nation may be tested by the way in which women and children are treated by law and by custom. All that is best in civilization comes out of the new and rising respect which Christianity inspires for motherhood and for babyhood.

I wish to impress three thoughts which are suggested by our study of this theme: First, the value of a Christian father and mother and the background of a praying home overshadowing one's childhood. We can not imagine the Moses that followed without the background of the family altar in his father's house. It was the atmosphere of faith and confidence in God, which as a child he breathed with the very breath of life, that made Moses strong enough to overcome all the temptations of the wicked court of Pharaoh, until the opportunity to please God was of greater moment to him than all the fascinations of the richest kingdom in the world. Oh, the power of a mother's prayers! The armor of a mother's faith! Joseph Parker says the mother of Moses laid the ark in the flags by the river's brink, but before doing so she laid it on the heart of God. She could not have

laid it so courageously on the Nile if she had not first devoutly laid it upon the care and love of God.

Christian friends, are you surrounding your children with an atmosphere of prayer and faith? Are you bringing them to God in their very childhood? Are you making an impossibility for them any other than a life of tender and holy reverence for the Divine Lord? The children in our Christian homes ought to be Christians from infancy.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan thus speaks of his conversion: "You will ask, 'When and where was your conversion?' I do not know. I have never been able to date it. I can not tell you where it was. I am perfectly sure that at some time in those years to what my parents told me of my relation to God, I said, 'Amen'; that at some moment my heart and will responded, without knowing it, to the claim set upon me by my loved ones; and I know at that moment the will of the child said 'yes' to the will of the King, and the King took the child into his kingdom and the child was born again. I say that without hesitation. I say it for the encouragement of others who may not be able to find a date when they were converted; but I say this to you also: 'Be very, very careful that you are converted.' If you put the question back on me to-night, 'How do you know you are born again?' I do not know how I am born again by any experience of thirty years

ago, but by the present throbbing of God in my life and soul, his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit here and now. I am his and none can deny me the witness of his Spirit."

I am sure that the right kind of Christian worship in our homes and the proper teaching to children from babyhood up will make this experience of Campbell Morgan very common indeed. And if any of you feel condemned upon this point, and realize that you have been recreant to your duty, and that your children are wandering away from God and from heaven for lack of the proper example or teaching on your part, repent at once, seek God's forgiveness, and give yourself with supreme devotion to the winning of your children to the loving service of their heavenly Father.

Second, if we would please God and be a blessing to our fellow men, our self-surrender for the cause of Christ must be with that whole-hearted abandon and confidence which characterizes childhood. Gertrude Manly Jones tells the story of an impassioned missionary appeal which had been made by an earnest minister in a city church asking for help to support a little mission church in the mountains. He had hoped to inspire the people with the spirit of giving, to make them feel that it was a sweet, blessed privilege, and he felt that he had failed. A deep sense of desolation crept over him.

"God help me," his lips murmured mutely. He could not see the bent figure of little crippled Maggie in the rear of the church—a figure that was trembling under the fire of his appeal.

"Lord Jesus," the little one was saying brokenly, "I ain't got nothin' ter give; I want the people in the mountains to hear 'bout my Savior. O Lord, I ain't got nothin' ter——"

What was it that made the child catch her breath as though a cold hand had taken hold of her heart? "Yes, you have, Maggie," whispered a voice from somewhere; "you've got your crutch, your beautiful crutch that was give ter you, and is worth a lot of shinin' dollars. You kin give up your best friend, what helps you to git into the park where the birds sing, and takes you to preachin', and makes your life happy."

"Oh, no, Lord!" sobbed the child, choking and shivering. "Yes, yes, I will! He gave up more'n that for me."

Blindly she extended the polished crutch and placed it in the hand of the deacon who was taking up the scanty collection. For a moment the man was puzzled; then, comprehending her meaning, he carried her crutch to the front of the church and laid it on the table in front of the old pulpit. The minister stepped down from the rostrum and held up the crutch with shaking hands. The sub-

limity of the renunciation unnerved him so that he could not speak for a moment.

"Do you see it, my people," he faltered at last; "little crippled Maggie's crutch—all that she has to make life comfortable? She has given it to the Lord, and you——

"Does any one want to contribute to the mission cause the amount of money this crutch would bring and give it back to the child who is so helpless without it?" the minister said, gravely.

"Fifty dollars," came in husky tones from the banker.

"Seventy-five."

"One hundred."

And so the subscribing went on, until bills and papers equivalent to six hundred dollars were lightly piled over the crutch on the table.

"Ah! you have found your hearts—thank God! Let us receive the benediction," almost whispered the minister as he suddenly extended his hands, which were trembling with emotion. Little Maggie, absorbed in the magnitude of her offering and the love that prompted it, comprehended nothing that had taken place. She had no thought for the future, of how she would reach her humble home, or of the days in which she would sit helpless in her chair as she had once done. Christ had demanded her all, and she had given it with the blind

faith of an Abraham. She understood better when a woman's arms drew her into close embrace, and soft lips whispered in her ear:

"Maggie, dear, your crutch has made six hundred dollars for the mission church among the mountains, and has come back to stay with you again. Take it, little one."

Like a flash of light there came the consciousness that in some mysterious way her gift had been accepted of God and returned to her, and with a cry of joy the child caught the beloved crutch to her lonely heart; then, smiling through her tears at the kind faces and reverential eyes, she hobbled out of the church. It was another triumph of a baby's tears. And the story of Christianity throughout the world bears testimony that the men and women who have done the greatest work for mankind have been those who have kept a child's heart through all their lives.

Third, it is only when we have the child's heart and accept Christ's law of brotherhood in the spirit of a child that the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man become real working forces among us. The story is told of a little girl whose mother was dead and whose father was away from home. She had no companions save her governess and the servants. Her father had cautioned her not to admit to the house any one with whom she

was not acquainted. One cold, wintry day a poor, ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire.

"But," said Mabel, "my papa does not know you."

The woman was shivering with cold, and the sleet was frozen on her wraps.

A bright idea soon entered the child's head.

"Say," said she, "do you know Jesus?"

Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Savior had been to her.

"Well," said the child, "if you know Jesus you may come in, for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

The blessed brotherhood of the religion of Jesus Christ is as simple as that. God help us not to be ashamed of the child heart and the child spirit!

Jesus says that we can not come into the kingdom of God except we become converted and become like a little child. How gracious a thing for Jesus to say! You say that you are not good enough to come into Christ's kingdom. Then I say to you that Christ has already said that it is not your goodness for which he asks; it is your heart. Come like a little child. If a child has been naughty and disobedient, would any father or mother be pleased to have the child go about sullenly, doing everything just right for a few days or

weeks before asking forgiveness? No, indeed! The only thing that can satisfy the father's heart is for the child to come tearfully, helplessly, saying: "I was wrong. Forgive me, and I'll do better." That is just how God wants you to come to him. You have been a disobedient child. You have done wrong in the face of your heavenly Father's love, and tho Jesus Christ came and died on the cross for you, you have done wrong in the face of that, and you feel it on this New Year's night, and you would like the New Year to be different. Then come and lay your head on the mercy seat, and say: "O heavenly Father, I have sinned against thee, and against my Savior, but for Christ's sake forgive me and help me to do right!" The father in the parable of the Prodigal did not run more gladly to meet his returning son than the heavenly Father's arms will open to clasp you to his bosom.

A YOUNG MAN'S CHOICE

"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."—*Heb.* xi. 24, 25, 26.

THE choice of Moses to leave the court of Egypt, with all it had to offer to him, and cast in his lot with the fortunes of a despised race from which he had been separated since childhood, being in the mean time surrounded by young men animated with worldliness and pursuing worldly ambitions, must always be regarded as one of the most sublime achievements of humanity. It stands out against the background of the ages as a royal and noble deed. It makes one proud of young manhood, and it has been a source of inspiration to hundreds of thousands of young men in every generation since that day.

The choice of Moses suggests to us, first, that there is no element quite so powerful in a young man's make-up as the mark which his mother puts there in his babyhood and early childhood. A

godless king's daughter may caress him in later years; a materialistic teacher may work his evil influence; selfish ambitions may struggle for mastery in his brain and heart; wicked associations may leave their scars upon him—but deep down in the bedrock of his soul there is something hard to get out if a devout mother has prayed beside his crib and reverent lips have taught him, as he bent on his boyish knees, words of simple prayer to God.

I do not remember when I have been so touched in the deep fountains of my emotion as I was the other day in reading a poem by the great English preacher, Mark Guy Pearse. The poem tells the story which had come to Mr. Pearse of a young fellow who went away to the Klondyke, and there, amid the mines, was coming to the great sunset of his life, which was also a sunrise, in a miner's cabin. If you would let it bring its message, you must surround yourself in imagination with the log cabin and the cold and the loneliness of a Klondyke winter. The dying youth says:

"Fling a log on the hearth, will 'ee, Jackie, my dear?
'Tis terrible cold. Thank 'ee; come over here.
Comrade, what was it the doctor said?
I fancy I heard it, '*So good as dead!*'

"Comrade, come nearer and give me your hand—
'Tis lonely to die in this far-off land.

'Twill be lonely for you when I am not here;
We have stood by each other for many a year.
You've been always the same to me—more than a brother;
And, Jack, I been thinkin' that, somehow or other,
I'll tell Them above that I want to go back
Now and then to do a good turn for old Jack.
I'll tell Them about 'ee. I warrant they'll set
Theirselves for to help to pay off my debt;
But now you must go, there's things for to do——
What, going to stay by me! Well, that *is* like you.

. . . . . .

"Been asleep, have I, Jack? I s'pose 'twas a dream;
I was back home again; and it really did seem
As if I was only a child of three,
And kneeled at my prayers by mother's knee.
I saw her sweet face, felt her hand on my head,
As I kneeled by the fire all ready for bed,
With clasped hands and closed eyes, so plainly I heard
Her voice through it all—I can mind every word.
And I felt in my soul as if once again
Undressed for the night as I used to be then:
And mother she came and put out the light,
And sang of the angels who watch through the night.

"Comrade, will 'ee open the chest over there,
There's a picture of mother. Will 'ee put it just where
I can see her dear face—a little this way.
When I look at her, comrade, I feel I can pray.
Will 'ee bring mother's Bible? 'tis there by the chair;
The leaves is got loose, and you'll have to take care.
Will 'ee please for to turn to her favorite bit—
The fourteenth of St. John, you know where 'tis writ:
'*I am going to get ready a mansion for you,*
Where I am,' says Jesus, '*there you shall be, too.*'

When mother was dying, I sat by her bed—
She used always to ask for that to be read;
There was light in her eyes and a joy in her tone,
As if the sweet words was wholly her own;
And tho when I read them my voice was achoke,
To her it was like as if Jesus had spoke.
Turn up the lamp, Jack, you can't hardly see,
And then will 'ee please for to read it to me?

. . . . . .

"What was it you asked me? What had I said?
Well, comrade, I'll tell 'ee. Come here by the bed.
'Tis strange the new thoughts that have come over me
Whilst lying here quiet. I've come for to see
The things that puzzled me grown all so clear,
The clouds are all scattered, the stars do appear.

. . . . . .

"God used for to speak in dreams of the night—
Well, I tell 'ee, 'twas all so clear as the light.
I saw myself lying a child, just new bosn;
A poor little helpless thing, forlorn;
Above me the empty stretch of sky;
About me the moors where none went by;
So lonely, so helpless, so little, so weak,
All want, knowin' nothing, unable to speak.
Then came in an instant—I don't know from where—
My mother—she took me with tenderest care.
Oh, the warmth of her bosom! The sweet and snug rest!
And she laughed in her joy as I lay at her breast;
So little, and yet because little, so dear;
My need was my claim, and held her more near;
No heaven was sweeter than hers day and night;
A service where service was lost in delight.
Then, Jackie, my comrade, I stirred and I woke,

And I can't but believe 'twas the Savior who spoke:
'The love that greeted thy coming then
Is the love that waits to greet thee again.'
. . . . . .
"Fling a log on the hearth, Jack, 'tis terrible cold.
Dear comrade, will 'ee give me your hand for to hold?
Good-by and God bless 'ee—you always was true.
Look, Jack, can 'ee see her? Why, mother, 'tis you!"

I am sure that the secret of the choice of Moses was first of all in the faithfulness of his mother's prayers and his mother's teachings.

It is important to note how much depends upon a single choice when the choice is a great one like that made by Moses. In after years he became a great, broad-natured, steadfast-hearted man. He was not only great, but he was meek and gentle. Despite the heavy burdens that were laid upon him, he was pre-eminently a man self-poised and full of peace. I suppose there are more people desiring to find peace, to find rest of soul, than who are consciously seeking for anything else. The majority of people who are seeking money are seeking it because they think it will give them peace. People who are moving from one land to another, from one part of the country to another, are making these changes largely because they hope in the new land to find peace. But how truly has Dr. Watkinson said that we never can find peace by change of place. We must find it in perfection of charac-

ter and life; in purity of heart and conscience; in love and righteousness and hope. The Psalmist says: "O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest." And if you had the wings of a dove, where would you fly? When they take a homing pigeon out at sea, many miles from land, and throw it into the air, it will wheel round and round, sometimes in many circles, to get its bearings and determine the direction, and then, straight as a dart, it sets its course toward home. But if you were tossed up into the sky, how long would you circle about before you were able to set wing for that place where you are certain of rest? Where would you fly? The East? West? North? South? No, nowhere on this planet is there any enchanted spot. No, you say, I would make my nest among the stars. The outlook is no better. If you take the astronomic glass and search the sky, there is no more quiet spot in the sky than there is here. The gentle moon is torn by lunar-quakes; the bright sun is swept by awful storms; the serene stars are subject to change and eclipse. No, we must find rest as Moses did. He lived a life full of wars and tumults and struggle and strife, but a life useful and strong and helpful to the world. Triumphant at last, he was raised up to honor in heaven, and all his triumph was wrapped up in the first choice. He chose God, and got everything

with him. So Jesus Christ says to us: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but . . . I have overcome the world." The world says, "Get a bright, happy place and you shall be bright; make your nest in some green tree and sing"; but we know that there is no tree of earth whose leaves will not wither and die, and there is no nest of wealth or power that may not be dislodged by the gales of misfortune or trouble. Only the soul that reposes in Jesus Christ, that chooses Christ as his Lord and Savior, can have peace in the midst of the storms and can never be dislodged.

A good choice means good manhood and noble womanhood, means freedom from all low slaveries.

I spent some hours one day in looking over a large collection of birds in confinement, and I was very much impressed with the fact that of all the birds in that large group, numbering more than a hundred varieties, the one that had the least pride of plumage, that gave itself over to be dirty and soiled with the most utter abandonment, was the great bald eagle, a bird which in its native air is the proudest and most careful of its appearance.

I went away saying to myself that a sinful man is like that soiled eagle. Man is the child of God, with royal blood in his veins and capable of lofty

flights; but when once he is caught by the enemy of souls and held a prisoner in the cage of his evil passions and wicked lusts, there is no creature on earth that will sink so low as he.

The eagle could not help his captivity. He had been snared against his will. No young man or young woman can truthfully say that they became sinful and soiled by evil against their own will. Men may not choose a particular sin, but if we reject God and choose to live without Christ we throw ourselves open to be captured by every enemy of our souls. Moses chose God, and God gave him strength. Samson chose self-indulgence, and became blind and a slave. The contrast of these choices is all about us to-day. Two young men stand side by side. One chooses to be a Christian and climbs the upward path of honor and goodness to peace and salvation. The other, tempted and beaten and enslaved, falls into the net of appetite and passion and lust, until he reaches a state of despair and ruin that seemed utterly impossible to him at the beginning.

When I ask you to be a Christian I am not asking you to choose for to-night or to-morrow only, but I am asking you to choose for all eternity.

A gentleman from the city who was visiting in a little country town was surprised to see so large a church going up, and asked a friend, an old sea

captain who resided in the village, if they were not building a very big church for so small a town. The old captain answered: "We are building for a big man. He may not be very big when we get him—probably he'll be just out of college—but we're going to love him, and trust him, and back him up, and help him to grow." That is the way God dealt with Moses. He was not very big when he made his choice and gave up a palace to take to the desert, but God watched over him, and loved him, and disciplined him, and brought him to be the greatest man of all those centuries. So I say to you, choose God and righteousness and eternal life, and God will look after your growth. Perhaps there is not much of you now, but your heavenly Father and your Savior can make infinitely more out of it than you can, and if you choose to serve God all the agencies of heaven will be set to work to make of you something noble and glorious.

THE MAN LEFT BEHIND

"Why is it that ye have left the man?"—*Ex.* ii. 20.

Moses, fleeing away from Egypt for his life, found himself in the land of Midian. At last, weary and worn out, he came to a cattle well and sat down beside it. He knew he had only to wait and the shepherds would come in after a time with their flocks, and he would probably be able to make friends with some of them and find a place to lodge. While he was waiting, the seven daughters of the priest of Midian brought their flocks to the well and filled the troughs with water. They had only completed this preparation when other shepherds came and drove them away. But Moses, with that commanding presence and dominating personality which made him the leader everywhere, forgetting his weariness and his precarious condition as an exile in a strange land, rose up and took a hand in the affair. He drove back the other shepherds single-handed and alone, helped the young women water their flocks, and saw them safe out of harm's way.

The girls came home earlier than usual that day,

and when their father wished to know how it was that they came in such good time, they said that an Egyptian had made the other shepherds stand back and had helped them to draw water for their flocks. Then the old man looked around in astonishment, and, not seeing the man anywhere, said: "Where is he? Why is it that ye have left the man? Call him, that he may eat bread."

We have no further interest in the story at this time, and have chosen it that it might suggest to us our duty as Christians in relation to those who have not yet come to eat the spiritual bread with us. I want that we should ask ourselves to-day concerning the people who deal with us in business, whom we meet in social or political life, and yet who do not come with us to church, do not bow with us at the communion altar, do not share with us the bread of life in God's house, why this is so. I desire that we should hear Christ asking of us in the language of Reuel, the Midianite, to his daughters, "Why is it that ye have left the man?"

I think sometimes we leave him because he is rich and prosperous. It is not only hard for a rich man to get to heaven because of the temptations to worldliness and the constant tendency to set one's heart on the things of the world if they become abundant, but also because Christian ministers and Christian people generally are rarely as honest with

a rich man about his sins as they are with others. It is often true that the Christian who is earnestly desiring to do his whole duty stands in awe of the rich, and the word which trembles on the lips and which might be God's messenger is never spoken, for fear of giving offense or of seeming to be presumptuous.

I never shall forget going on one occasion to talk with a rich man about his soul. I had never known the man at all, but he had been to hear me preach, and I had been peculiarly impressed that I ought to speak to him. I called on him, told him why I had come, and talked to him for an hour about his spiritual needs. At the close of our conversation I asked if I might pray with him. He was moved with great emotion on my making the request, seemed much astonished, but was as pleased as he was surprised. He declared that it would give him great comfort to have me pray with him, and went out and called his wife and brought her in and, on introducing her, repeated a summary of our conversation. We then kneeled and prayed there together. It was the mercy-seat, and "Heaven came down our souls to greet." When we rose from our knees that man's face was bathed in tears and a new light of joy was in his eyes as he seized my hand in both of his and said: "I thank you with all my heart. You are the first man in twenty-five

years who has ever asked me about my soul or asked permission to pray in my house." My dear friends, if you have been leaving some man or woman behind because he or she is richer or more prosperous than yourselves, go right back as fast as you can and give an invitation to come to the table of your Lord and share with you the bread of life.

Perhaps you have been leaving the man behind because he was so moral. If he had been an outbreaking sinner you would have invited him long ago. Many an upright, moral man, so far as outward life is concerned, is missing a religious experience that would be joyful, and running the risk of missing heaven, because Christians hesitate to urge upon him the invitations of divine mercy that they extend to others. I saw in an English paper recently the story of a layman who was a devout and intelligent Christian and who had been accustomed for several years to go out to a certain village and hold a week-day meeting. He had done a great deal of good in that way.

But finally a grievance arose. It was spoken of, almost in whispers, from one to another, until all felt the change in the atmosphere at the week-day service. At last one valiant spirit from the little company went to the good man and voiced the general discontent.

"You have been coming backward and forward here for a good many years now, Mr. Silver."

"Yes," was the cheerful assent.

"There is one thing we feel we should like to ask you, sir. How is it that during all these years you have never so much as taken a cup of tea with any of the congregation? We feel it is hardly friendly. Not one of us can remember that you have ever once drunk tea with us. Excuse me for asking the reason of this, sir."

A faint smile played about the gentle but manly features, and the frank but simple reply came, without a shadow of rebuke in it: "Because I have never yet been asked." I suppose there are people in every community who have never sat down to the feast of divine love with their neighbors for that very same reason. They have never been asked.

Perhaps you have been leaving the man behind because he had the reputation of being a skeptic. He has not been brought up a Christian, and he has been thrown under such circumstances that he scarcely knows what he believes; and so you are afraid to invite him. I have no doubt that many a poor hungry heart is sitting off alone, unasked, on that account. You have heard, perhaps, the story of how Gen. Lew Wallace came to write "Ben Hur." General Wallace had written a serial story

of "The Nativity," but had laid the manuscript away. While on a railway train he met Col. Robert Ingersoll, who invited him to sit down beside him. General Wallace thus describes the interview:

"'Well, if you will let me dictate the subject, I will,' said I.

"'Certainly. That's exactly what I want.'

"I took a seat by him and began: 'Is there a God?'

"Quick as a flash he replied: 'I don't know; do you?'

"'Is there a heaven?'

"'I don't know; do you?'

"'Is there a hell?'

"'I don't know; do you?'

"'Is there a hereafter?'

"'I don't know; do you?'

"I finished saying: 'There you have the texts. Now go ahead.'

"And he did. He was in a prime mood; and, beginning, his ideas turned to speech, flowing like a heated river.

"When we separated at Indianapolis it was a long distance to my destination, but I preferred to walk, for I was in a confusion of mind not unlike dazement.

"To explain this, it is necessary now to confess

that my attitude with respect to religion had been one of absolute indifference. I had heard it argued times innumerable, always without interest. So, too, I had read the sermons of great preachers, but always for the surpassing charm of their rhetoric. But—how strange! To lift me out of my indifference, one would think only strong affirmations of things regarded holiest would do. Yet here was I moved as never before, and by what? The most outright denials of all human knowledge of God, Christ, heaven, and the hereafter. He had made me ashamed of my ignorance; and then—here is the unexpected of the affair—as I walked on in the cool darkness I was aroused for the first time in my life to the importance of religion. And while casting round how to set about the study to the best advantage, I thought of the manuscript in my desk. Its closing scene was the child Christ in the cave of Bethlehem; why not go on with the story down to the crucifixion?

"I did as I resolved, with results—first, the book 'Ben Hur,' and second, a conviction amounting to absolute belief in God and the divinity of Christ."

The challenge of Mr. Ingersoll's conversation aroused Lew Wallace to thought and study and investigation for himself, and that led him to accept Christ as his divine Lord and Savior. A loving

invitation from a neighbor or friend will far more frequently have the same effect.

But it may be that you have left the man behind because he seems to you insignificant and undesirable.

Henry Ward Beecher tells an interesting story concerning his first experience in revival work. He was a pastor in Indianapolis, and went over to Terre Haute to take part in a revival meeting which was in progress there. He had never worked in a meeting of that kind before, and his whole being was set on fire by it. He came home praying all the way for Divine help to start a revival like that in his own church. The very next night he began a series of evangelistic meetings. He had looked for a large response, but the room was not more than two-thirds full, and the people seemed very lifeless and listless concerning spiritual things. On the second night he made an impassioned appeal for any who felt the need of salvation or a spiritual quickening to remain after the meeting had been dismissed. Only one person, a poor German servant-girl, responded to his invitation. All the children of Mr. Beecher's personal friends, the young people with whom he was well acquainted, got up and went out. There shot through him a spasm of rebellion. He had a sort of feeling, "For what was all this precious oint-

ment spilled?" Such sermons as he had preached, such an appeal as he had made, with no result but this! But, immediately, there flashed through him a conviction of the value of any soul bought with the blood of Christ. Tears came to his eyes. His pride was all gone. He felt that he would be willing to labor all his days if only he might be the means of winning that one little German servant-girl to the Master. A spirit like that is unconquerable. The Holy Ghost clothed him with power, and one of the greatest revivals of religion that have ever been known anywhere followed on that discouraging beginning.

Perhaps you have left the man behind because he is a drunkard or so shamefully a sinner that you feel doubts about it being possible for him to become a true Christian. How we sin against Jesus Christ as well as against our fellow men when we allow ourselves to take that attitude!

A German named Otto Schroeder staggered into St. Bartholomew's Mission, New York City, one evening. He was clothed in rags and was quite drunk. Several Christian men got around him and remained praying until past eleven o'clock. All this time Schroeder seemed to be unconscious of his surroundings. All at once he asked: "Vere vas I?"

They told him he was at the Mission.

"Vat vas dot you vas singing? Sing dot again."

They sang once more the hymn which had attracted him to the hall, "At the Cross."

When they had finished he threw himself on the mercy of Him whose death for sinners they had been singing. Before he left the Mission, they gave him Matthew vi. 33 for a life text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

"Does that mean vork?" he asked. "I vants vork!"

One of the men who had been praying for him sent him to a contractor who had advertised for men to help in some tiling operations.

"So Matthew vi. 33 means tiling, vas it? All right!" was his comment as he left, promising to answer the advertisement.

By a blunder he knocked at a door some distance away from the place to which he had been directed. The mistress of the house learned his story, and asked him if he could use a pair of boots.

"Ja!" was the answer. "I use boots! So Matthew vi. 33 means boots this time, does it?"

He went from the door, to his work. He told another German, a very wicked man, the story of the Mission and how he had found Christ, and brought him with him to the meetings. This man,

too, was converted. These men formed the nucleus around which has gathered a German congregation of nearly five hundred converted men and women.

All about us there are waiting souls who have been left behind and who need Christ. Moses wanted a home; he wanted comfort and friendship and love; he was very glad to accept the invitation when they came for him. And so we are living beside people who want Christ; they are longing for what God can do for them through Jesus. Let us bring them to him. Some of them have been waiting long and are almost discouraged. It will not do to wait until next winter. We must bring them now. Lonely hearts are saying, like the one about whom some poet has written:

"'Oh, for one look in the Father's face!'
Sighed 'Weary-Soul' as she slacked her pace—
'In his heart and home, oh, to find the place
I have yearned for—ever so long!

"'But so weak my heart, and my sin so great,
To earn my pardon before too late,
And to gain admittance within the gate,
It will take me—ever so long!

"'Some say the Lord Jesus will take me in,
Though I knock at the gate with all my sin!
They say he once suffered the lost to win,
And has loved me—ever so long!'

"Then 'Weary-Soul' crept close up to the gate,
And feebly knocked at that hour so late,
'I fear,' murmured she, 'I shall have to wait,
Oh, it may be—ever so long!'

"But the portals at once wide open flew,
And a gracious Voice she thought she knew
Spake out in those accents sweet and true
She had dreamed of—ever so long!

"'Child, where hast thou tarried this many a day?'
Said He, as He wiped her tears away,
'For the sound of thy feet on thy homeward way
I've been waiting—ever so long!'

'So faint 'Weary-Soul' has reached home at last,
Her Savior's blood has washed out the past,
The Father's strong arms are around her cast,
And she 'bides there—ever so long!"

THE VOICE IN THE FLAME

"And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush."—*Ex.* iii. 2.

Moses is now a trained shepherd. You would not know him for the man who in his youth was the handsome and accomplished courtier in the midst of the polished princes who thronged the Egyptian palace. He has not seen a palace or a city for forty years. He married one of the girls whom he defended at the well, perhaps the very one who ran back to him with her father's message bidding him come and be their guest. Through all these years he has lived in the open air and followed his flocks along the slopes of Mount Horeb. He has grown wise in all the knowledge of the hills. God is never at a lack for schools in which to educate his prophets. He picked Moses up out of the Nile and thrust him into the palace of a king, where he would whet his brain against those of boys from the brightest families in the world; thrust him into the midst of the life of a court, as a king's grandson, to be honored and admired, to learn the air of authority, to know the wisdom that

can be had from books and association with the greatest men and women of affairs. And then he was sent to the desert to know the world that works; to talk with men who tend cattle and shear sheep and weave wool into garments. He is driven out under the open sky to become acquainted with the stars; he learns to know the flowers and the grass of the springtime; to know as a familiar friend every shrub and bush and tree, and to be acquainted with every beast and bird that people the mountain-side.

This, then, is the Moses, schooled and disciplined and trained, to whom God speaks from the burning bush. From that day he was a new Moses. At once he looms up into larger manhood. He had spoken with God face to face. Henceforth he was to be set apart for his great work. Life was a larger, deeper thing than hitherto. He had spoken with God, and the world was filled for him with that Divine Presence.

It is idle to waste any time discussing queries as to just what is intended for us to believe in regard to the illustration used here of the burning bush. Surely the God who works the stupendous miracle of every morning's sunrise could cause a desert bush to glow with fire and yet remain unconsumed, if he chose such a way to communicate his message. One thing is enough, that in some way God did use

the simple bush to clothe his own personality, and from it he spoke to Moses, his servant, face to face. Joseph Parker, who recently went home to heaven, says of it that tho the heavens can not contain the Great One, yet he hides himself under every flower and makes the broken heart of man his chosen dwelling-place. So great, yet so condescending; infinite in glory, yet infinite in gentleness. Wherever we are there are gates through nature into the Divine. Every bush will teach the reverent student something of God. The lilies are teachers, so are the stars, so are all things great and small in this wondrous museum, the universe! In this case it was not the whole mountain that burned with fire; such a spectacle we should have considered worthy of the majesty of God; it was only the bush that burned: so condescendingly does God accommodate himself to the weakness of man. The whole mountain burning would have dismayed the lonely shepherd; he who might have been overwhelmed by a blazing mountain was attracted by a burning bush.

The lesson in reverence which Moses learned that day upon the mountain-side is one we all need to have emphasized again and again. The great soul has learned to put off the shoes from the feet in the presence of God. Reverence and true greatness are always united. The greatest of the scientists have been men great in their reverence.

Galen used to say that he regarded his professional life as "a religious hymn in honor of the Creator." On the tombstone of Copernicus, the pioneer astronomer, at Frauenburg, is this epitaph: "Not the grace bestowed on Paul do I ask, not the favor showed to Peter do I crave; but that which Thou didst grant to the robber on the cross do I implore." The great Kepler, when he had finished his treatise entitled "The Harmony of the Worlds," wrote this word of thanksgiving to Almighty God: "I thank thee, my Creator and Lord, that thou hast given me this joy in thy creation, this delight in the works of thy hands; I have shown the excellency of thy works unto men so far as my finite mind was able to comprehend thy infinity; if I have said aught unworthy of thee, or aught in which I have sought my own glory, graciously forgive it." Prof. Joseph Henry, of Princeton, when he gathered his class for his great experiments and had come to the testing moment, would raise his hands in adoring reverence and call upon his students to uncover the head and worship in silence, "because," he said, "God is here. I am about to ask God a question." It is in like spirit that we should listen to the Word of God and seek to hear his message.

In these later days God has spoken to us through the prophets and the psalmists and the apostles,

and finally by his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. The wise and the learned as well as the ignorant and the humble have seen the face of God as it is reflected in the face of Jesus Christ.

A Japanese gentleman was once the guest of Dr. Dale, and one night, as they sat late talking together, he told his host how he came to be a Christian. He had been a Confucianist, and had come to imagine that there might be a mighty and kindly person who would come from heaven and give them what they needed, but he could not hear of this person in Confucianism nor anywhere else. At last a Japanese convert to Christianity gave him a Chinese Bible, and when he read the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, that wonderful love chapter, he was startled and fascinated; then he read the Gospel of St. John, and the words and personality of Jesus charmed his soul. He could not resist Christ because the Savior's eyes seemed looking into his and the Master's words seemed to be uttered for him alone. He said to himself: "Here is the Savior I have long been seeking." And so this thoughtful, scholarly man gave his whole heart to Christ and became a most happy and joyous Christian.

But he speaks to the humblest with equal tenderness. A woman came to a mission hospital in Nanking, China. She was a beggar, with everything

the term implies of poverty, filth, and wretchedness. She was so ill that she came crawling on her hands and knees. She was admitted to the hospital, treated free of charge, and entirely recovered. But, better than having her poor old body healed, she heard from the patient, careful Bible woman the story of Him who can bring health to the soul. She listened, and as the truth slowly entered her mind her heart cried: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." Her soul had a flood of light; her heart was cleansed; and that life that before had known only cold, hunger, and abuse knew peace and joy in him. Henceforth she was a new woman, a transformed being, for, humble as she was, she had seen God face to face.

Is God speaking to any of you to-night? I am sure he is. He has promised to speak through his Word, and he will keep this promise. Are you listening to the word of God as tho it were meant for you personally, or are you thrusting it aside and regarding it simply as you would any other address intended for your entertainment or instruction? It is possible for you to make the word of God of no effect by doing that; but, oh, at what loss to your soul! For heaven is within your reach. Some of you have been going about your work as Moses did when for forty years he followed the sheep on Mount Horeb. You have fallen

into a humdrum routine. You go to church, here and there, but your mind is taken up with worldly things, and you do not see God in all your life. You are not so near to God as you were when you were a child. You become more taken up with the world's cares every year. So it was with Moses until he stood face to face with God before the flame of fire and heard the voice that penetrated his very soul. For Moses it was different after that. But that was because Moses hearkened to the voice. If he had not hearkened, if he had gone on home and wondered about it, but given himself up to caring for his sheep, and had taken good heed not to go near that place for a while again, some other man would have been chosen to do the great work and Moses would have died forgotten. So it is possible for you, as to-night you come face to face with God's offer of salvation in this sermon, to hearken to it, to give it heed, or to turn away and lose all its gracious privilege.

Listen to me as I give you the Gospel invitation: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Or this: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Or this: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever

will, let him take the water of life freely." Or this: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." In the language of the holy Word, hear God's voice: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Tho your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; tho they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

But why quote more? Here are enough of the Divine words to float your soul into the very presence of the living God and bring consciously to your heart Divine forgiveness and love. Will you hearken to the voice of God, and draw near with reverence to make application of the message to the salvation of your own soul?

THE REJECTED HONOR

"Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say. And he said, O my Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send." —*Ex.* iv. 12, 13.

THIS is at the close of one of the most remarkable conversations ever held between a man and his God. When Moses drew near to the burning bush and God spoke to him out of the flame, making known his Divine presence, and telling Moses his determination to send him to Pharaoh to demand the freedom of the Hebrew people, and that he had chosen him to be the leader in this great exodus out of Egypt, the heart of Moses failed him.

Strange, is it not, that ofttimes when the opportunity comes for which a man has been longing and hoping and praying for years, he is startled out of his courage and becomes timid and afraid. Away back yonder, when Moses was only a young man, his heart had burned with a longing to free his people, and he had even risen up alone and smitten an Egyptian oppressor to death with his own hand. But now, after all these years of waiting and dreaming, when the thing he has wished for above

all has come to pass, and God speaks to him, offering him the leadership in this glorious work, he draws back astonished and afraid, exclaiming: "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?" And the Lord answered him: "Certainly I will be with thee." That ought to have settled the question with Moses, but it did not. Again Moses answered God and said: "When I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?"

That was equivalent to saying that he did not know enough about God to teach others. But God was patient with Moses, and said to him, "I AM THAT I AM:" and he said, "Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." Dr. F. B. Meyer says that this term "Jehovah" was not wholly unknown to Moses, for it entered into his mother's name, Jochebed—*Jehovah my glory;* but now for the first time it was adopted as the unique title by which God was to be known in Israel. Slowly it made its way into the faith of the people, and whenever employed it speaks of the self-existence and redeeming qualities of the nature of God, and is forever enshrined in the precious name of our Savior, Jesus. The whole subsequent life of Moses and of Israel was inspired

by this name. All through their history the thought of what he was and what he would be to them rang out like a chime of bells.

There is a glorious meaning in this thought of God as the I AM. Are you perplexed and in the dark? add to God's I AM the words, the *true Light.* Are you hungry?—the words, the *Bread of Life.* Are you defenseless?—the words, the *Good Shepherd.* Are you weary?—the words, *Shiloh, the Rest-Giver.* And so in him are all our needs supplied.

But despite this assurance of God's presence, Moses still raised questions and answered God and said: "They will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice: for they will say, The Lord hath not appeared unto thee."

Still God bore with him patiently, and told him to cast the rod which he had in his hand, his shepherd's staff, down on the ground. When he did so, it immediately became a serpent. The Egyptians worshiped serpents, and to Moses it doubtless signified Egypt, and when the serpent started to attack him he ran from it in terror. He had been an exile from Egypt for forty years and now it was as though Egypt were again at his heels. But when at the command of God he reached forth and seized it, it became the harmless shepherd's staff in his hands. As Moses still hesitated, God commanded him to put his hand into his bosom. He

did so, and when he took it out it was leprous as snow. And when at the Divine command he put it back again into his bosom, it came forth like his other flesh.

Driven to the last stand, Moses brings forth another excuse which has to do with the special theme where we hope to find our message at this time. Moses said unto the Lord: "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." Then the Lord said to him: "Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

Then it was that Moses made the great mistake of his life. God had shown him that he who made the mouth was able to change it, and though up to that time he had been slow of speech, it was possible for the God who made him to give freedom and grace to his speech until he should be the most eloquent man that ever had lived, or ever should live, in the history of the human race. Strange, indeed, it is that Moses should have faltered at a time like that. But the panic was on him, and he said: "O my Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send." Moses had gone too

far. He had grieved the Spirit of God. In his great mercy God did not cut him off, but he let him go with his stammering speech to the day of his death. He had had his great opportunity. The door had stood wide open before him, and God had used all heaven's persuasion to lead him to enter, and he would not. The door shut in his face. The record says: "And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses, and he said, Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well." That was the end of Moses as an orator. He was a great man and did a great work, but even he was dwarfed. He stammered and stuttered to the end.

Here is the message, then, that I wish to bring to-night. It is possible for a man to reject the honor that Almighty God would put upon him. It is a message which I am sure many Christians ought to hear. There is a disposition in us when we have a heavenly impulse toward the divinest life to use that proverb, "Let well enough alone;" by which we mean that we will shuffle along in a series of ups and downs in a kind of average Christian life. Instead, we ought to hear the voice of God calling us to the very best life. There is where we belong. Phillips Brooks used to say that there is no maxim for a noble life like this: Count always your highest moments your truest moments. Believe that

in the time when you were the greatest and most spiritual man or woman, then you were your truest self. Think of the noblest moment you ever passed, of the time when, lifted up to the heights of glory, or bowed down to the depths of sorrow, every power that was in you was called forth to meet the exigency or to do the work. Then believe that the highest you ever have been, you may be all the time, and vastly higher still, if only the power of the Christ can occupy you and fill your life.

We greatly cheat our souls when we fail to give sensitive and immediate response to every drawing of the Spirit of God heavenward. A blind boy was seen flying a kite on a common in Scotland, and a passing traveler said to him: "My boy, why do you fly the kite, for you can not see it?" Turning up a face that was all aglow with eagerness, the little lad said: "I like to feel the tug of it." This ought to be the picture truly illustrating every Christian heart. We ought to rejoice at every tug of the heart heavenward.

Are not some of you who listen to this sermon failing to reach your highest privilege as Christians because you do not with your whole heart enter into the comfort and assurance which God gave to Moses, and which he has reaffirmed again and again to you, that he will be with you in the performance of every duty which he lays upon you?

A Christian woman was in a railway depot waiting with her little niece. Her heart was troubled over the inefficiency of her Christian life. She was conscious that there was not that warmth of love toward God and delight in his service which she ought to feel, and the bitter question surged over and over through her soul. In the mean time they were walking up and down the platform, and the little child said: "See, aunty, I can't get hold of only two of your fingers to hold real tight. It pulls away when I take them all. Guess I'll always hold on by two."

Owing to an accident on the line the train had been delayed, and when it came up at an unusual speed into the depot, it seemed as if they would be swept off their feet by the rush of the crowd, and the woman heard the little child cry out, "Hold on to me tight, aunty," and she did hold on with both hands, fearing that the little one would be torn away from her. At last, when they were seated safely in the car, the little girl nestled up to her in a confiding way:

"It's a lucky thing, aunty, you kept tight hold of me. I held hard as I could to two fingers, but if you hadn't held on to me tight I guess I'd been pulled right away. I'm glad you've got such strong hands."

And in the words of the child the woman found

her answer. She saw that she had been trying to depend on the tiny clasp of her hand on God's, forgetting the strong clasp of Jehovah's hand on hers. He would not let her go, and she could trust it all to him.

But is there not a strong message here to those of you who are clear outside of the kingdom, and who have been turning a deaf ear to God's voice, it may be, for many years? Are you not saying, like Moses: "Who am I that I should come into the church and profess to be a Christian? I am not good enough to take on myself such obligations." The same old excuse of Moses over again. I pray God that you may not continue to make it until you grieve away the Holy Spirit, until God's anger is kindled against you and you shut yourself out of the door of mercy. It is not your goodness, it is God's goodness that saves. Your life has been warped and hurt because you have wandered away from God. Bring it back to God, who alone has power in the name of Jesus Christ your Savior to forgive your sins, to renew your spirit, to restore the moral quality in your soul and make you every whit whole.

Dr. Lorenz, the famous Austrian surgeon whose brief sojourn in this country brought help and healing to so many people, had brought to him in San Francisco a little child who had been born with

club-feet. They were bent inward and upward until the soles faced each other and left as the only possible walking surface the outer rear edges of the feet. The baby was soothed to sleep by ether, so as not to be conscious of any pain, and Dr. Lorenz took each tiny foot in his hands and manipulated it with his skilful fingers as though it had been plastic clay, until both were in their proper shape. Then a plaster cast was placed about them, and after a few months it will be taken off and the little one will walk and run and skip and jump like other children. The great Austrian doctor said that only in early childhood was such an operation possible. But I thank God that in the higher realm of the soul the Great Physician is able to take a soul that has been so warped and twisted that the passions and the appetites, the imaginations and ambitions are all distorted, so that the soul is crippled—and a club-footed soul is infinitely worse than a club-footed body—Jesus Christ is able to take even such a case and so heal it that a man under the divine touch of the Great Physician will be made to cry out: "He maketh my feet like hinds' feet: and setteth me upon my high places."

Some of you stand now at the door of decision. God is calling you to the holier life. "The place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

A KING'S IGNORANCE

"And Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go."—*Ex.* v. 2.

A MAN may be very great and powerful and yet very ignorant. Naaman was the greatest warrior in Syria. He was the deliverer of his native land and the great military commander of his time, and yet he was so ignorant of God that he would have lived and died a leper if it had not been for a little girl who had been captured by his soldiers and who had come to serve in his house. The world would have spurned the idea that the little Israelitish maid was wiser than the famous General Naaman; but in her knowledge of God she was his teacher, and her knowledge led to his healing.

Pharaoh was a great monarch. Egypt was the center of the world's power as well as of its wisdom. He was the proudest ruler on earth. He imagined that what he did not know was not worth knowing; yet he was ignorant indeed. When Moses and Aaron came to him with the demand of God that

he should let the Hebrews go forth into the wilderness to worship, he met the appeal with arrogance and defiance. He saw at once that these men were not demanding on their own account, but came as the messengers of God, and proudly and defiantly he cried: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go."

The reason of Pharaoh's defiance and of his final ruin was that he closed his heart against the knowledge of God. And is it not true that there are many now in this land of religious light and freedom, where so many millions of copies of the Bible are distributed and where one may have the Book of God ever at hand, who are practically closing their hearts and minds against the knowledge of God because the Bible is an unread and an unknown book to them? Are you using your privileges concerning the Bible? Once in a great Sunday-school address in Philadelphia, Rev. Alfred Cookman, whose triumphant dying cry, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb!" has been so frequently quoted and sung, made these unique and interesting remarks: "Suppose there were but a single Bible in all this vast country, and that that one Bible were chained fast to the loftiest peak of the highest Rocky Mountain range. Only one copy of the

Book of God in all the land, only one fountain where one might drink of the water of life and be filled. If that were so, I would not wait for another morning's dawn. I would start out this very night, taking my two little children, the one by one hand and the other by the other, and begin our eventful pilgrimage.

"We would pass on through the streets of this crowded city, and out beyond into the open country, and on and on; we would urge our way through dense forests, over vast prairies, passing down into the valleys, clambering up the hillsides, fording swollen streams, and scaling cloud-capped mountains; through city and town and village and hamlet and wildernesses desolate and wild, over State after State, across the broad continent, till we came at length to the base of the Rocky Mountains.

"Then girding ourselves for the ascent, and asking God's help in the final struggle, we would begin to clamber up from peak to peak, from crag to crag, from eminence to eminence, higher, and higher, and yet higher, till at last we had reached the very loftiest crag of the highest mountain summit, where we could drop down alongside of the gushing fountain of inspiration and truth and life, and drink and be filled.

"Now, instead of one Bible on the highest Rocky Mountain range as a fountain of life to be sought

with much toil, what shall we say of the institution and agency that brings this fountain of life-giving waters through all the land to our very doors, and with a God-like spirit takes our little ones, our children who are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, our children for whom we could die, and leading them forth says: 'Little ones, drink! drink! for whosoever drinketh of this water shall never thirst again'?"

Is it not true that even with the water of life at your very door some of you are dying of spiritual thirst and are ready to cry out in your hearts, like Pharaoh, "Who is the Lord that I should obey him?" If you will read God's Word with a sincere heart, seeking to find God, you will find him to the joy and salvation of your soul.

Edward Everett Hale tells how Helen Keller, that wonderful soul caged in a body blind and dumb and deaf, came one day to see him in his home in Boston. As Helen came into the house with her teacher, Miss Sullivan, she was led to a freestone statue of the god Terminus, which stood at the end of the piazza. It was an old relic of Egypt. Helen had never before touched any statue, and she felt of this rough, banged-up little god, two thousand years old, and at once, in Miss Sullivan's hand, spelled out the words: "What an ugly old man!" They brought her into the house,

and after a few minutes Dr. Hale led her to a charming little marble tablet by the sculptor Bernini, which represents in alto-relievo the Savior and John the Baptist as boys playing. Helen felt of their faces, and bent over at once and kissed them both. So, however distorted your idea may be of God, whatever thought you may have of him as a creature resembling the old pagan deities, hard and stern and cruel, if you will come to God's Word and feel your way through it you will come to the revelation of God in Jesus Christ and find in him such divine beauty and loveliness that you will throw your head upon his bosom and caress him with all the love of your soul.

Nothing short of this knowledge of God that makes our approach to him a joy can ever give peace to the soul. A Christian woman who had just finished reading Huxley's "Life and Letters" was asked with some anxiety by a friend whether her faith had suffered any eclipse under the shadow of a mind so brilliant, so keen, so witty, yet so utterly unbelieving, as that of the great scientist.

"Oh, no," she answered, earnestly. "My need went so much deeper than anything Professor Huxley had to offer me. I was like a lost child looking for its mother, to whom some one insists upon showing a piece of her skilful embroidery. What would that mother's handiwork matter to the ago-

nized little child until it was safe in the loving arms, its head pillowed on the warm bosom that it was seeking? And what are all the marvels of God's creation to me, though Professor Huxley sets them forth as no one ever saw them before, unless I have found him for whom my soul longs unspeakably, the Lord, my God, my Father, my Friend, my Savior!"

Pharaoh's ignorance of God was an infinite loss to him. It not only lost him material wealth and brought disaster to his country and finally lost him his life, but it cost him the riches of the soul. The glory of a life infinitely beyond anything he knew he shut out from himself when he would not seek to know God.

A story is told of a young man belonging to one of the wealthy families of the city of Stockholm, who had been cast off on account of evil habits and had emigrated. He managed to pick up the trade of a machinist, but in the main lived the life of a prodigal. At last he became the inmate of a workhouse. A friend from the home land came to the almshouse one day with the news that an uncle in Stockholm had died and had left him a large fortune. The Swedish papers were advertising for him. The friend was told that the man had heard of a job which he could get at his trade, and that he had been away from the workhouse for several

months. No one knew where he was; and so he continued to wander about the country, not knowing of the fortune that was his for the claiming.

Does not that exactly illustrate the condition of some who hear me at this time? There is great spiritual wealth for you through Jesus Christ your Savior—rest for the soul; peace unutterable and full of glory; a pardon for all your sins; a hope of heaven and eternal life; a Comforter in every time of sorrow. Oh, the riches of Christ are unsearchable, and they are for you! And yet you are losing them because up to this time you have not opened your heart to the knowledge of God that through Jesus Christ he might be the Savior of your soul.

With the Egyptian monarch the great sin which served to shut God from his heart was eminently his overweening pride. He was too proud to admit that God was greater than he. His power had turned his head, and his poor pride shut heaven and eternal life from his gaze. What sin is it that is shutting salvation away from your soul?

A singular accident was reported a while ago from Utica, N. Y. A large blue heron alighted on a wire carrying power from the Trenton Falls station to one of the local sub-stations of the Utica and Mohawk Valley Railway Company, and shortly

afterward the bird's great bill came in contact with another wire. Immediately the current was cross-circuited. The fuses at the subpower-station burned out, the wires broke, the power stopped, and the twenty-two thousand volts that the wires carried wrought havoc with the bird. Scores of trolley cars on the city and suburban lines were stalled, and for five hours, until the cause of the mischief was discovered and the damage repaired, all electric traffic in the Mohawk Valley was suspended. A pet sin can do just like that in your heart and stop all the power and grace that would come through the atonement of Jesus Christ, your Savior, for the salvation of your soul. What blue heron of passion or of appetite, what besetting sin it is in your case, I do not know; God knows, and perhaps you know. But I know that you never can have salvation until that sin is removed, until all sin is surrendered, and until the way is so open between your heart and God that the Holy Spirit may have free course to illuminate and cleanse your soul.

The time is coming, if you turn away from this subject now, when it will be a terrible thing for you not to know God. A youth at one of the large iron works in Sheffield, England, was thrown accidentally on to a red-hot armor-plate. When he was rolled off by his fellow workmen, it was at

once perceived that he could not live. His workmates cried: "Send for the doctor!" But the poor, suffering youth cried: "Never mind sending for the doctor. Is there any one here can tell me how to get saved? My soul has been neglected, and I am dying without God. Who can help me?"

O brother, sister, do you know God? If you were called to go and meet him to-night in judgment, could you go with peace and confidence? If not, I beg of you to make his acquaintance now.

You remember that story of how, when Christ was going to heal the little girl in the rich man's house, and the people crowded about him, one poor sick woman pressed near to him and got hold of his garment, hoping and believing that he would heal her, and Jesus turned about and said: "Who touched my clothes?" The woman was healed, and she was the only one healed in the company. No doubt there were scores of others there who wished the Master would heal them, but they would not come to a decision and did not challenge him by their faith and appeal. Only one woman put her faith to the touch and made the personal acquaintance of Jesus unto her salvation. So I say to you to-night, whatever of religious interest God has given you, whatever of hope or longing has

come into your heart for salvation, put it to the touch at once, and you will find that Jesus will be as sensitive to your appeal as he was to that of the poor infirm woman, and the issue will be as happy in your salvation.

A TRANSIENT REPENTANCE

"And Pharaoh sent, and called for Moses and Aaron, and said unto them, I have sinned this time: the Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked."—*Ex.* ix. 27.

THE pride of Pharaoh was humbled. When Moses and Aaron came to him at first, demanding in the name of the living God that he should let the people of Israel go forth from under his hand, he had declared with unbounded arrogance and pride that he did not know the Lord, and had sneeringly asked: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey him?" But the logic of events often deals sledge-hammer blows to a man's pride, and as the plagues came one after another upon him and his people, his arrogance began to fade away. He saw the rivers and the lakes turned into blood until they had to dig wells for drinking water, and the land was filled with the sorrow of it. But Pharaoh gritted his teeth and hardened his heart and would show no sign of repentance.

He saw the frogs come forth covering the land until every house in Egypt was cursed with them. But he hardened his heart, and would not hearken unto God or show the least sign of yielding.

He saw the very dust of the ground change into loathsome insects, until not an Egyptian man, woman, or child, or a single beast among all the cattle was free from pain. Yet in spite of the moaning and the sorrow the king hardened his heart and would not repent.

And then there came the flies that filled the land with corruption, and Pharaoh at last, saying no word about repentance, called for Moses, and declared that the people might go and worship, provided they stayed in the land of Egypt. He even consented that they should go a three days' journey, but said no word of confession of wrong on his part, and as soon as the plague was removed he hardened his heart and went back on his word.

And so it went on from one sorrowful experience to another, until there came the hail-storm, such a storm as Egypt had never seen, a storm that destroyed every beast that was left in the field. Every tree in the forests was broken down, and the growing crops were ruined. And at last Pharaoh understood that he was face to face with a power with which he had not strength to cope. His heart was not changed; his old hatred for God and for Moses was as bitter as ever. But he felt that he must give in or die. The land of Egypt would soon be a desert if these plagues were to go on. And so he sent for Moses, and said: "I have sinned

this time; the Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked. Intreat the Lord (for it is enough) that there be no more mighty thunderings and hail; and I will let you go, and ye shall stay no longer."

We do not have to examine this statement of Pharaoh very long to see that there is no real repentance in it. He is frightened and feels that he must do something, and so he wants to make the best bargain he can with the Almighty. He says he has sinned, but he is not grieved about it; he looks upon it as a blunder—a mistake in judgment. Notice the language, "I have sinned this time," as tho there had been no other times he had sinned. His whole life had been sinful and wicked; but Pharaoh has no consciousness of that. This time he has made a mistake, and he wants to get out of it the best way he can. So we are not surprised to read a little farther on that when the hail-storm stopped and the sun came out again and there was a look for fair weather Pharaoh's heart hardened and he again violated his pledged word and refused to let the children of Israel go.

Pharaoh's undertaking to bargain with God is not unlike what men and women try to do to-day. How often it is seen that a man finds himself confronted with some disagreeable and troublesome result of his sin. His sin has brought him into dis-

grace. His sin has brought the hail-storm on his life, so that his domestic comfort or his good name or his financial situation is threatened by it. Hundreds of men have come to me in that situation. Their pride was humbled; they were greatly troubled, and they were ready enough to say that if they could only get out of this trouble they never would be found in such a state again. And yet when I spoke to them of giving their hearts to Christ in full and complete surrender, and urged upon them to repent of every sin and serve God with a true heart, they turned from it, sometimes almost with a sneer, and I knew, sadly, that their repentance went no deeper than Pharaoh's. They were in trouble, no doubt; the penalty of their sin had come upon them; and if they could make a bargain with God so as to get out from under it, they would be careful not to get caught again. Perhaps some of you are doing the same thing tonight. All such ideas are unworthy of you and are an insult to your heavenly Father. I never yet knew a man to keep a contract like that. Pharaoh did not keep his, and you would not keep yours.

I have seen somewhere the story of a great prince who had a sick son. He was the only child—a Benoni—the offspring of his father's sorrow, for his beautiful queen had died in giving birth to his

royal heir. When the physicians from all parts pronounced the child's recovery hopeless, the stricken father found refuge in a solemn vow that if God spared the babe's life he would present a magnificent golden chalice adorned and filled with dazzling diamonds to the neighboring church. Gradually, day by day, the son gained strength in spite of the medical testimony of hopelessness, and by the time the presentation-cup arrived from the goldsmith's there did not appear to be any danger. The gift, then, seemed far too costly with its rare engraving and its glittering gems; so the father had another of an inferior character made and presented. No doubt his vow was sincere at the outset; but, the pressure over, he backed down. As Matthew Henry says, there was a mighty struggle between Pharaoh's convictions and his corruptions. His convictions said: "Let them go." His corruptions said: "Not very far away." But he sided with his corruptions and decided not to let Israel go.

If we could read the hearts of men and see the inner struggles that go on there, we would be amazed at the multitudes of men and women who appear outwardly proud and arrogant and indifferent, who sin against God openly with seeming defiance, yet who again and again, down in the depths of their souls, have said, "I will do that sin no

more; I will change my course of life," and yet the next day and the next reveal to their associates no outward transformation. They are like the poet Herbert, who says:

> "Said I not so—that I would sin no more?
> Witness my God I did;
> Yet I am run again upon the score."

In all these cases the secret of failure is the same. The repentance does not go to the core of the matter. The special sins which shame men and trouble them can not be cut off and thrown away and that be the end of it. These sins are but the blossoming outshoots of the root of sin which is in the heart, and no repentance for sin which does not recognize this sinful heart and does not grieve over the wrong which we have done to God our heavenly Father by our hard-heartedness and our wicked indifference to him is the kind of repentance which worketh a godly sorrow that needeth not to be repented of. As some one has said: "The word repentance means the change of mind of a man who has begun to abhor his errors and misdeeds, and has determined to enter upon a better course of life, so that it embraces the recognition of sin and sorrow for it and hearty amendment of the life. There can be no true repentance until the hideousness of sin is borne in upon the con-

sciousness of the sinner. It is the broken and contrite heart that God receives. It is the one who draws nigh to God to whom God will draw nigh."

Here was Pharaoh's fatal lack; he failed to see that God had been wronged by his wicked conduct. There was no real sorrow, no determination to be a better man, no sign of a purpose to please God, about his confession of sin. I pray God that the Holy Spirit may show every one of you here, this evening, as you have never seen it before, the grievous and wicked wrong you have done to God and to the Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem you by your sins of selfishness and indifference and neglect.

At the age of forty-four Brownlow North was converted. He was playing cards one night, when he was seized with a sudden illness which he himself believed would prove fatal. Turning to his son, he said: "I am a dead man. Take me upstairs."

Having reached his bed, he threw himself upon it and began to say to himself: "Now what will my forty-four years of following the devices of my own heart profit me? In a few minutes I shall be in hell, and what good will all these things do me for which I have sold my soul?"

It was after many days of soul-anguish that the light dawned upon his soul. It was in this way:

He had risen from his bed and was reading his Bible. The third chapter of Paul's letter to the Romans attracted his attention. "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." This he well knew; but the Scripture continued: "But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference."

Striking his book with his hand, North sprang from his chair, and cried: "If that Scripture is true, I am a saved man! That is what I want, that is what God offers me, that is what I will have! 'The righteousness of God without the law.' It is my only hope."

And so on the first page of the New Testament, which he began to use on New Year's Day, 1855, is the striking inscription: "B. North, a man whose sins crucified the Son of God."

He had got at the root of the matter. He saw the hideousness of his own sin and felt that he was to blame for the crucifixion of Jesus, and from such a sense of sin there sprang a repentance which caused him not only to sorrow for his sin, but to turn away from it, relying entirely on the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ for his salvation. My

friends, I pray you write your own name to-night, and with it this sentence: "My sins crucified the Son of God." Surely from such a starting-point you will repent indeed!

There is one other point about repentance that Pharaoh shows no sign of, and that is the thought of restitution. Real repentance is always sensitive with that idea of restitution. Just as far as a man can he wants to make it right, and feels that he must right what he has done wrong to the extent of his ability. Thank God, the religion of Jesus Christ is no sham; it goes to the root of the matter, and no man can be a Christian and not be willing by the grace of God to clean up his whole record and career as far as lies within his power.

Mr. Meyer was once speaking in Edinburgh, and noticed a young man come into the gallery who was evidently very much interested in his remarks. During his address the speaker happened to say, without any special intention as to the amount: "There is a man here who owes his employer three pounds and eighteen shillings, and unless that is repaid he will never get the peace of God." The next day, to his surprise, he met the same young man he had noted in the gallery at luncheon in the house of one of the professors of the University. After the luncheon he asked to walk with the min-

ister, and as soon as they got outside he took Mr. Meyer's arm convulsively in his, and said: "You know me?"

"No," was the reply. "I have never seen you except last night when you came into the gallery."

"Well," the young fellow said, "the remarkable thing is that three years ago I took just three pounds and eighteen shillings from my employer. It has been on my heart ever since, but I didn't like the exposure of returning it. But here is a letter to them, and you will see the check inside for just the amount."

Mr. Meyer read the letter, which was a frank confession, asking for pardon, with the money enclosed. He saw the young man post it, and he says that then that young man's heart turned to God with complete surrender and his soul was filled with a psalm of thanksgiving.

Some one waits this evening to be saved. You are very near to the kingdom of God, and yet somehow you are trying to make terms with God. I beg of you to give up everything and throw yourself upon the Divine mercy!

Two boys were crossing a railroad bridge when one slipped and fell. His comrade caught him and held him over the stream, but a fish-pole he was carrying had caught in the ties so that he could not

be drawn back. "Drop that pole," cried the rescuer, "or I can't save you." It's just like that with you to-night. Drop your sins, drop your prejudices, drop your pride, and give yourselves up to the saving arms of Jesus Christ!

A HARDENING HEART

"The heart of Pharaoh was hardened."—*Ex.* ix. 35.

OVER and over again, many times repeated in different ways, is this subject of the hardening process which went on in the heart of Pharaoh referred to in this story. There has been a great deal of religious discussion in regard to it. Sometimes the phrase is a statement that God hardened Pharaoh's heart, and there has been much debate over that, as to whether God was responsible for the ruin that came upon Pharaoh.

It is very interesting to note that during these first plagues the statement is clear that Pharaoh hardened his own heart. And it was not until he had hardened his heart again and again against God that the expression is used indicating that God hardened the heart of Pharaoh. The fact is that Pharaoh was a free agent just as you are. But every time he hardened his heart against what he knew to be right, he strengthened himself in his evil course, and it became more natural for him to resist God on the next occasion. Joseph Parker says that the Lord hardened the hearts of the

Israelites just as certainly as he hardened the heart of Pharaoh, and in the very same way and for the very same reason. It is folly for us to imagine that God had shown partiality to one man at the expense of another. God deals with each man according to each man's peculiarity of constitution and purpose. See how the Lord treated the Israelites: "So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust: and they walked in their own counsels." The marginal reading is still more vivid: "I gave them up unto the hardness of their own hearts." God could not leave us free moral agents and do otherwise than that. He lets us sow and reap. In the very nature of things we must reap what we sow. If a man sows hardness of heart his heart will harden, and as the process goes on it will harden ever more and more rapidly, until after a time, though there are still impulses toward goodness and an occasional longing for it, the grip of evil comes to be as real as the iron bars of a dungeon.

I remember seeing one day a great bald eagle kept in a cage on the outside of a tall building. The sun had got high enough so that its beams fell across the first three or four feet of the top of the iron cage in which the eagle was a captive. There was a pole which stood in the cage reaching up close to the top. I watched the eagle and noted the first look of interest that came over him as he

became attracted by the sunshine at the top of the cage. He had been standing drowsy and uninterested on the ground, but suddenly stretched himself up at the sight of the sunshine. After looking at it for a moment, he spread his wings and flew up to the top of the post, where the sunshine bathed him. From that vantage-ground he was able to see the sun as it looked over the building. Suddenly the bird seemed transformed. He stood erect; his wings came up into position as trim as a soldier at "Attention!" A fierce gleam came into his eye, and again and again his wild scream, such as I have heard in the Oregon mountains, rang forth. He was looking at the sun; he thought of the upper sky where he belonged, and he pined for it. But, alas, he was not free!

How many times we see a man like that! He has vision-hours when he beholds the Sun of Righteousness and catches a glimpse of the upper spiritual sky where he belongs. He pines for it, he longs for it, but the cage of his evil habit shuts him in, and he soon sinks back again into the old lethargy. If there is any one here in such a position, I want to urge upon you that there is a Deliverer who can set you free even from that awful slavery of the hardening heart and make it possible for you to soar again into the upper air of a pure life.

No heart is so hard that Christ can not melt it if only he may have access to it.

During Mr. Moody's first visit to San Francisco as an evangelist, he came to know of a noted Jewish photographer. Soon after Mr. Moody's arrival, the newspapers began to publish extended accounts of the large meetings he was holding and to describe the great work he had done in the east. Then this Mr. George D. Rieman, a Hebrew, the foremost photographer in the city, desired to make a picture of him. It had been his custom to take complimentary pictures of noted actors and actresses and other distinguished men and women who visited San Francisco, and he thought he saw in Mr. Moody another good chance to advertise his business. He wrote him a very cordial note, stating that he would be delighted to take his picture if he would appoint a time for the sitting. Mr. Moody wrote him in reply that he appreciated the offer, but that he did not come to San Francisco to have his picture taken, but to save his (Mr. Rieman's) soul. This made Mr. Rieman furious. He felt that he had been insulted and was angry beyond bounds.

But the meetings went on. Great crowds attended. Many were converted. The newspapers proclaimed these facts far and wide. Every day this Jewish photographer would read these an-

nouncements and get madder and madder. He also became more and more curious to see and hear this wonderful man. One morning the newspapers proclaimed, in glaring type, the last day of the Moody meetings. The Jew read, and made up his mind he must see this man Moody before he left the city. He telephoned his wife to come down town for early supper, and they would go and hear Moody. They went. They listened to the sermon, were interested, but not very deeply impressed.

When the after-meeting was announced, Mr. Rieman said to his wife: "Well, we have been to the circus; let us go into the side-show also!"

They went into the inquiry-room, and there the Holy Spirit came upon them, convincing them of their sins and revealing to them the crucified Christ as their only Savior. Their pride and anger and hardness of heart melted into repentance and sorrow, and they sought Christ and were happily converted that night. That Jewish photographer at once united with the church, studied for the ministry, and became a most earnest and successful Christian minister.

Surrender to Christ, and he will tranform your heart.

I know there are many men and women who are held back from salvation by a very cunning argument put forward by the enemy of their souls.

Against their desire and impulse to seek Christ and confess him, the tempter says: "But you could not live up to it; you know your disposition; it would only be for a little while, and some temptation would come, and away would go your religion." Now if the Christian life to which we invite you was a mere ordinary reformation, that argument would be good; but, thank God, it is infinitely more than that. A religion that does not change your heart so that you will love the good and hate the evil will be worthless to you.

I was reading recently of a settler on the Mattawa River, in Ontario, who caught a wolf, and, having read that ships were sometimes cleared of rats by fastening a bell around the neck of one of them, he concluded that in a similar manner he might clear the adjacent woods of wolves. He fastened a bell on the wolf's neck and released him. After the snow had melted he allowed his flock of sheep to exercise their lambs in the fields near the house. His children were with their father looking at the skipping of the lambs, when the sheep were noticed to prick up their ears as if intently listening. Then, with much bleating, the whole flock raced to the woods. Wondering at the vagaries of the animals, the farmer went about his work. About an hour later the children came up to him with the news that the sheep had returned,

but had left one of the lambs behind them. The next day the same thing occurred again, and another lamb disappeared. The children tried to keep the sheep in the fields, but, failing, followed them into the bush. They reported that they had distinctly heard a bell tinkling in the distance.

Then it began to dawn on the farmer that the bell which he had fastened to the neck of the gray wolf was one which had been borne by the leader of the flock in the previous summer. The sheep had recognized the sound of the bell, and, true to their instincts, had hastened to join their last year's companion, only to fall a prey to the fangs of the wolf. A wolf does not cease to be a wolf because he has a sheep's bell dangling at his neck. And the heart that is hard and selfish and wicked does not become pure and good through any outward ceremony. It must go deeper than that. If it were possible to change a wolf's heart so as to transform his very nature into gentleness, he might safely wear the bell of the leader of the flock. And that is the appeal which Jesus makes to you: "Son, give me thine heart." Do that, and he will take out of your breast the heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh. He will give you a new heart, full of love to God and your fellow men.

An ignorant old colored man came to Miss

Waterbury, a missionary among the colored people, and asked to be taught to pray. She began to teach him the Lord's Prayer, sentence by sentence, explaining it to his entire satisfaction, until she came to the one on forgiveness.

"What dat mean?" said he.

"That you must forgive everybody, or God will not forgive you."

"Stop, 'teacher; can't do that," and he went away.

She did not see anything of him for some time. But after a few weeks he came back, and as he met her he said: "Now go on wid de prayer; I dun forgive him. Ole massa once gib me five hundred lashes, and hit me wid a crowbar, an' t'row me out fur dead, and I met him on de street after I was a free man and wouldn't speak at him, but to-day I met him an' said: 'How'd ye.' Now go on with dat prayer."

That old colored man had got at the root of the matter. The transformation must begin within. Love must push hate out of the soul.

A brother pastor tells of a man who came into his congregation and was converted. He was a big, rugged-looking man, but he had been a drinker and was terribly profane. One of his neighbors who was a Christian cautioned the minister to have special care over him, as he feared for his stability

on account of his lack of religious training and his fiery temper. So the preacher frequently drove to see him at the farm where he lived outside of the town. One day he found him absent and called on the Christian neighbor to inquire about him. The neighbor said: "Oh, he is doing grand. Yesterday he was ploughing in the field adjoining the one in which I was working, and his horses got to acting so mean that I trembled, fearing that the old habit of swearing would prove too strong for him. Finally he opened his mouth, and I braced myself for the shock, when I heard him utter fervently: 'Bless the Lord!'" The old hard heart, full of blasphemy, had been changed into the new heart of tenderness, full of reverence toward God.

Dear friend, are you conscious that there is in your breast a hardening heart; that as the years have passed it has become easier for you to resist the pleadings of the Holy Spirit? Then be warned, and turn now, without delay, to the Christ who alone is able to change your heart.

Delay, when once a man is convinced of his duty, is always dangerous. Every time you resist God in the face of light and knowledge you harden your heart and run the awful risk of eternal loss. Pharaoh passed the dangerous point beyond which God's Spirit ceased to strive with him. It is a ter-

rible thing to take that risk. Dr. Alexander voices this awful warning in verse. He says:

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
For glory or despair.

"There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

"To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye
Or pale the glow of health.

"The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away;

"But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly, a mark
Unseen by men; for men as yet
Are blind and in the dark.

"Oh, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed?
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.

"How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?

Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

"An answer from the skies is sent—
'Ye that from God depart,
While it is still to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.'"

THE SAVING BLOOD-STAINS

"And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt."—*Ex.* xii. 13.

PHARAOH and his people had been storing up wrath against the day of wrath. They had hardened their hearts again and again, until at last their cup of iniquity was full. They must now drink it to the dregs. The fearful declaration went forth that on a certain night the angel of death would go forth over the land of Egypt, and in every Egyptian household, from the hovel to the palace of Pharaoh, the firstborn should die.

Now in all the other plagues the Hebrew people had been neutral spectators. Only Moses and Aaron, as the spokesmen of God, had appeared actively in the matter. The frogs and the noisome insects that had troubled the Egyptians had not appeared in the land of Goshen nor annoyed any Hebrew home. The hail that had destroyed the cattle of the Egyptians had not devastated the Israelites. They had been inactive lookers-on at the plagues which had fallen upon their enemies and

oppressors. But now the time for action and decision had come. All the men and women in all the Hebrew ranks must show by their conduct their faith in God. If any of them have become Egyptian at heart, now is the time to find it out, and so God runs a line of cleavage through all the land. By a certain mark every house that has faith in God is to bear the sign of that faith, and wherever the saving blood-stains are not found, in the cottage of the Hebrew as surely as in the house of the Egyptian, the death angel shall enter and the first-born shall die.

The directions for that wonderful night are very significant. On the tenth day of the month the head of each family was to select a lamb free from blemish. If the family was too small to need a whole lamb, it could join with a neighboring family. The lamb was set apart until the fourteenth day of the month, and was killed in the afternoon. The blood of the slain lamb was to be carefully caught in a basin and sprinkled on the door-posts at the front of the houses where the Israelites lived. The lamb itself was to be roasted whole and to be eaten with unleavened bread and bitter herbs.

It must have been a night of tremendous excitement, for the word was whispered through the land that immediately following this Passover supper

the trumpet would sound and they would start on their journey out of Egypt; hence the directions for the eating of this meal put them on their mettle as to their faith in God's deliverance. The whole family was to be gathered around the table, from the gray-haired grandparent to the new-born babe. The men were to have their loins girded as for a long journey, and to have their walking sticks at hand. The women were to have all their household necessities for the trip, even to their kneading-troughs, bound up in little bundles with their clothes, so that they might be carried handily on the shoulders. Everybody was to have sandals on their feet, and the meal was to be eaten in haste. Thus it was, with every ear intent to catch the first note of freedom, in houses that were sheltered by the saving blood-stains, they ate the last supper in Egypt, ready to go forth from the land of bondage forever.

Before morning a cry of wo arose from the whole land of Egypt. Here and there all over the land the cries of sorrow began to go up, as in one home after another it was found that the firstborn had been slain. A man would run for comfort to his neighbor's house, to find him also in the depths of wo. Even the palace was not exempt, and Pharaoh rose up in the night and joined his wail with that of his people, for everywhere there was one dead

in every house. And the king sent for Moses and Aaron by night, and begged them to go forth out of Egypt.

Now I have brought out so elaborately the story of this first Passover because it is of the greatest possible interest to us. It is one of the illustrations used to describe the work of Jesus Christ in our behalf. Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, declares that Christ is "our Passover" and was "sacrificed for us." And it was in line with this that John the Baptist said: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Christ is our Lamb, slain for our salvation, and we are saved only through his blood of sacrifice. I heartily agree with Joseph Parker when he says: We are not ashamed of this word *blood*. We are not to be driven away from it because some minds have debased the term, having taken out of it its highest symbolism and noblest suggestion. We speak not of blood merely as it is commonly understood, but of blood as the life, the love, the heart —the whole quality of God—a mystery in words, having no answer in speech; and as the question of that night in Egypt, most important in every Hebrew home, was, "Is the blood upon the doorposts of my house?" so the question of questions with us shall be: "Is the blood upon the house of my life? Have I put up against the divine judg-

ment the saving blood-stains of protection?" In the Day of Judgment nothing will stand but the blood which God himself has chosen as a token and a memorial. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. It is useless for us to attempt to close some iron window or iron door of our own morality to protect ourselves against the judgments of God's law. There is only one name given under heaven and among men whereby we can be saved, and that is the name of Jesus, and our hope in Christ centers in his blood shed on the cross. In the ninth chapter of Hebrews the word blood, referring to sacrifice in our behalf, occurs twelve times. Some one commenting on it says: It seems impossible that we can call this sacrificial blood a common thing. It was blood from where the thorns pierced his head, as if to atone for sins of thought; and blood from the nail-prints in his hands and feet, as if to atone for sins of deed and walk; and blood from where the soldier's spear pierced his side, as if to atone for sins of the heart. How can we behold the cross and Jesus hanging on it for us without breaking forth, with Isaac Watts:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

"See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

I would to God that every heart here, in gratitude and in full appreciation of the sacrifice of Jesus for us, could go on with the poet in this last verse:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman calls attention to the fact that we have come on a time when men are disposed in certain quarters to speak slightingly of Christ's substitution for the sinner and his sacrificial death, and yet God says he was made "to be sin for us, . . . that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." There are some things in this world so horrible that we can not think of them, and so wretched that we can not look upon them. Yet there is nothing in all the world so horrible and so wretched to us as the thought of sin must be to Jesus Christ. Think what it means,

then, when he was made sin for us. He became our scapegoat and bore our sins away. Surely you never again can count his blood a common thing! If you have ever so counted it, ask God's forgiveness to-night. God's Word speaks as though it were a terrible thing so to insult the grace and mercy of Jesus as to count this blood of the Passover a matter of small interest. It is possible to go on with this indifference until the Spirit of God will cease to speak to us. Hear these tremendous words from Hebrews: "For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

I think the thing above all else that we ought to lay emphasis on in our message at this time is the fact that obedience to God, pure and simple, is the prime condition of salvation. If any Hebrew father had chosen some other token, no matter how elaborate, than the blood-stains on the door-posts,

the firstborn in that household would have died. If he had tied a living lamb to the door-post, the death angel would not have stayed his wing; sorrow and punishment would have come to that home. The token was God-chosen, and any deviation from it would have shown a lack of faith or a spirit of rebellion against God. So I want to urge upon every heart to-night that the first condition of salvation from your sins is obedience to God. God has given Jesus Christ to be our sin-offering and in his name we are promised forgiveness, and the very first thing for us to do if we would be saved is to repent of our sins and accept Jesus Christ as our Savior. It is the height of folly to wait until we study the philosophy of religion and try to develop some system of morals in order to get ready for Christ. Christ must come first. The very life of our soul depends upon his saving blood. We are already under condemnation of a broken law until the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses us from sin and brings us peace with God. There will be plenty of time to study religions afterward, but now is the day of salvation. Repent, and believe, and live!

When the Moravian missionaries first went to Greenland to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, they thought it was necessary before declaring Christ Jesus to instruct the people in the doctrines

of natural religion. The result was that they were there seventeen years before they had a single convert. But one day a man called Kajarnak, who was a very wicked man, entered a missionary's hut and by accident heard him read the story of Christ's suffering and sacrifice. Somehow this wicked Greenlander got a glimpse of the fact that Jesus did that for sinners, and that through him a sinner might be saved.

"How was that?" he said. "Tell me that again, for I, too, wish to be saved."

The missionary was tremendously astonished. Speaking of it afterward, he said that those words of Kajarnak penetrated through the very marrow of his bones. It was not long before Kajarnak, his wife, and two children were happily converted to Christ and became the first-fruits of Greenland unto the Savior. It also taught the missionaries that the first thing to preach to a sinning man anywhere is the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

There is a beautiful thought suggested by our Savior that if he becomes our Passover and our hearts are made white by his blood, our names are written at the same time in the Lamb's book of life in heaven.

A little while ago there was an advertisement in the daily papers of New York City, offering a large reward for the recovery of a few pages which

had been cut from an old family Bible. The book was brought to America from Holland in 1660. It was an old book even then, and was treasured by the pious family not only for its intrinsic value, but it contained the record of births, marriages, and deaths of their ancestors. The record was continued and has been brought down to date. A short time ago two men called on the present representative of the family and asked permission to copy the family record as an aid to them in establishing their claim to certain property. Their request was granted, and the Bible was returned with thanks. No examination was made of it by the owners on its return, but the first time afterward that there was occasion to consult the records it was found that the pages had been cut out. The family has no copy of the record, and, it being exceedingly important to them to have the original, they now offer a reward for its recovery. Thank God, no such loss can imperil the standing of any member of the family of Jesus Christ. When the seventy came back to Christ, proud that even the devils had been subject to them, Jesus said: "Rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." Is your name written there? If not, the first of all the privileges of your life is to seek and find the Christ who has charge of that record.

THE GUIDING PILLAR

"He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.—*Ex.* xiii. 22.

It was customary in ancient times when an army was on the march for a fire-bearer with a torch to precede the king or general in command. Alexander the Great had a lofty pole, visible from all sides, raised over the general's tent, and from the top of this pole streamed a signal conspicuous to every soldier in the army. It made a cloud of smoke by day and fire shone by night. The same custom was common among the Persians and most Eastern nations. In all military expeditions the fire-bearers went ahead of the army at night, carrying high poles on which iron pots were fixed, filled with lighted torches, in order that the troops might be sure of the line of march. These ancient customs only throw light on the Divine guidance which God gave his people in leading them out of the bondage in Egypt. The miracle was all the more striking and significant to the people because it was in harmony with the custom of the time, and the grandeur and sublimity of it was a constant as-

surance to them of God's blessing. The infinite mercy of God was revealed in this complete supply of their need. These people were slaves escaping out of bondage. They had none of the equipment necessary for the great undertaking, but God supplied their need. He became their "Fire-Bearer." The pillar of cloud never left them by day, nor the pillar of fire by night. And when the Egyptians pursued them and they were in danger of capture, the angel of God's presence removed and took up his place behind them, so that on the side toward the Israelites it was bright, while on the side facing the Egyptians it was darkness. What a significant suggestion we have here! When you are trying to please God and are being willingly led by him, you will be on the bright side of every cloud; but when you are selfish and estranged from God and trying to thwart God's purpose, you will be on the black side of the cloud. The difference is not in God, but in you. He is just as interested in saving the sinner to-day as he is the Christian; but when you give yourself to be a Christian you put yourself on the bright side, in harmony with God's purpose; while if you refuse God's invitations of mercy you force yourself into the darkness of sin.

Pre-eminently the Lord Jesus Christ is our pillar of cloud by day and our pillar of fire by night. He is the guiding pillar for our souls. We are to

see God in the face of Jesus Christ our Savior. President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, has written a poem about Jesus in which, with rare spiritual insight, he shows that Jesus saw God face to face not only in heaven but on earth in human hearts:

"There was a Man who saw God face to face.
His countenance and vestments evermore
Glowed with a light that never shone before,
Saving from Him who saw God face to face.

"And men anear Him for a little space
Were sorely vexed by the unwonted light.
They bore His body to a mountain height
And nailed Him to a tree, then went their way.
And He resisted not nor said them nay
Because that He had seen God face to face.

"There was a Man who saw man face to face,
And ever as He walked from day to day,
The deathless mystery of being lay
Plain as the path before Him face to face,
And each deep-hid inscription could he trace:

"When men had fought and loved and fought again,
How in lone anguish souls cried out for pain,
How each green foot of sod from sea to sea
Was red with blood of men slain wantonly,
With all the haste and rush and fever pain;

"The sordid walk and talk of squalid men;
He saw the vision changeless as the stars
That shone through temple gate or prison bars

Through all the meanness of man's life that is,
The vision of man's life that is to be.

"So when anear Him for a little space
Men whom the light did blind rose angrily
And nailed His body to the cruel tree,
He did resist them not nor say them nay,
For earth's one secret plain before him lay,
And in man's life He saw God face to face."

We need to lay emphasis on the great truth that Christ is the only guiding pillar which can really lead the individual man or woman, the nation, or civilization, to safety. There are those who profess to do honor to Jesus and often pay him most poetic tributes, who yet deny him that supreme leadership which belongs to him. Every other great guiding influence has been tried and has failed as the salvation of man or society. Greece tried learning and art with as great an opportunity as the world has ever seen, but the passions and lusts of men ran riot in the presence of the most glorious creations of the artists. Rome tried force. Her laws and her armies were magnificent. It was her proud boast for a time that her eagles never turned backward. But she reckoned without her host, for sin was at the heart of the nation and the sins of the people ate out her power and brought about her great collapse. No cure has ever been found for sin save in the Lord Jesus Christ who

came to be the Light of the World, in whose name sin may be forgiven, and through whose power sinful habits may be overcome. Some one said to Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, that the tendency of something or other was in the right direction. "Yes," said the philosopher, "and the tendency of that thistledown is toward China, but it will never get there." And so there are many tendencies in society, in literature, and in art to make men good, but they will never do it. They never have, and they never will. None of these things has ever cured the drunkard, or overcome greed or avarice, or made an impure heart loathe evil things and love purity. Christ is the guiding pillar which alone can lead the sinner to the promised land of salvation. He is a safe guide. After all these hundreds of years, Christ Jesus is no longer an experiment.

A student who had been listening to some lectures on German Higher Criticism once asked Dr. Francis Patton, of Princeton, what assurance he had that the Gospel way to heaven was safe and certain. President Patton made this reply: "At the time the elevated railroad was first started in New York the people were a little timid about riding on it; so the proprietors of the road took great pleasure in apprising the public of the fact that this road had been subjected to a most abnormal

and enormous tonnage, and that consequently people of ordinary weight might deem themselves quite safe in traveling over the road. So," said Dr. Patton, "I feel the same way about the four Gospels—that I can take my way to heaven above the din and dust of daily life because this elevated road has had all Germany upon it, and as yet it has given no sign of instability."

You may follow Christ with all assurance. He who led Paul in safety, who led Bunyan up out of the slough of despond, who in every land under heaven has been the Star of Hope in the darkness to tried and troubled souls, who guided your father and your mother safe into the harbor of eternal rest, will not fail you if you give yourself up to his guidance.

There is also in this theme an inspiring message to Christians, for Christ in turn has called us the light of the world. As he is the great guiding pillar, we also are to carry his light and light others to him. As Christ came into this dark world just because it was dark and needed him, so we are to go with the light of Jesus Christ where there is trouble and sin and sorrow, because there is the great need.

Robert Speer tells of a missionary family which returned recently, after a rest in America, to the work in Capriz, Persia. As the little party were

nearing their station in that far-off land, the children especially were struck with the dreariness of the landscape as compared with the green fields of home, and one of the little girls at last looked up into her mother's face and said: "It's not nearly so nice as America, mother, is it?" "No, my child," the mother replied; "that's why we've come." That woman had the secret of that glorious Christian heroism before which nothing can stand. If God will only give us that, so that with all our hearts we may count it joy to carry his light to every darkened soul, we shall be a benediction to the world about us. We must not allow ourselves to forget for a moment that it is not only our privilege but our duty to be a guiding pillar for God to every soul which we find in the darkness of sin.

Two well-dressed men were walking down the street of a Southern city at midnight. In front of them was a man shabbily dressed and with a look of hunger and desperation on his face. As the three passed a brilliantly lighted store window, one of the gentlemen said to the other: "Did you catch a glimpse of that man's face?"

"No. What about it?"

"It was a terrible face. I believe that man will kill himself before morning."

"Well, you can't prevent it. What of it?"

"I don't know, but I think I can prevent it. Suppose we follow him?"

They did follow him for several blocks. Finally he turned and made his way rapidly toward the river. Down by one of the obscure piers he paused, close by one of the piles that pierced the flooring, and with a gesture of despair stepped toward the edge of the pier and looked down into the water. He then straightened himself, and in another moment would have flung himself into the river, had not the gentleman who had first noted his face and who was now standing in the shadow of the warehouse called out in a quiet but firm voice: "My brother, if you are in trouble will you not let me help you?"

At the words, "My brother," the man trembled, stepped back, covered his face with his hands, and staggering against the pile burst into sobs so awful that the man who had taken it on himself to rescue him could not say a word for several moments. Finally he learned in broken ejaculations the man's story. It was an old, old story—wife and children in a home of wretched poverty, rent due, no work, crying for bread, wife sick, no friends. That was all. Suicide seemed the only way out of it. That was the devil's solution. But the man who had called him "brother," a term he had learned of Jesus Christ, found work and a home for the de-

spairing soul and started a whole family on the way to heaven.

I am greatly interested that every young man and young woman, and every boy and girl who have become Christians in our congregation shall appreciate the fact that it is possible for them to be guiding pillars to some one else. What a glorious thing it is to light souls to Jesus Christ, who will continue to light them all the way to heaven. Satan is always whispering to young Christians that they do not know how to win souls and they would only do harm by trying it, when, as a matter of fact, it is often true that a young man or a young woman can do more in winning their comrades than any one else, and many times a little child who sincerely loves Jesus can persuade to Christ a man or a woman who would be deaf to any other voice.

Mark Guy Pearse tells a very interesting story of a little girl whom he knew. Little Annie Gale had given her heart to Jesus, and not long afterward she was very much grieved because a man called at her father's house and laughed at the notion of her being converted. "She was always so good that she did not need religion to make her any better," he said. "If old Dan Hunter began to love Jesus, now, I should think that there was something in it." The little girl went to her room with a broken heart. But tho she was so little

she had learned the place to go when heartbroken. She knelt down and said: "O Jesus, they won't believe that thou dost love me, because I am so little. O Jesus! help me to get poor old Dan Hunter to love thee, and then they will believe that thou dost love me, too." Then little Annie set out for old Dan Hunter's house.

Old Dan was the very crossest and most disagreeable man in the village. He worked in his wheelwright's yard, grumbling and growling all day long. He was notorious for his meanness. This morning he was at work, bending at his saw, when a very pleasant little voice said: "Good-morning, Dan."

The voice was so pleasant that Dan looked around and forgot to scowl. "Please, Dan," said little Annie, "I want to speak to you, and I am sure you won't mind, will you?"

"Well, whatever do you want to say to me, little one?" He spoke gruffly—he always did—but it was a good deal for old Dan to speak at all, for he generally only grunted.

They sat down together on the trunk of a tree. The little girl looked up into his rugged, wrinkled face and said: "Well, Dan, you know Jesus does love me, and I do love him. But the gentleman at home says I am so little, and that I am so good, that he does not believe that I know anything about it. But he says that if you would begin to love

Jesus, then he would believe in it. Now, Dan, you will, won't you? because Jesus does love you, you know"; and little Annie took hold of Dan's great rough hands. "He loves you very, very much, Dan. You know he died upon the cross for all of us."

Poor old Dan! Nobody had talked to him like that for years and years—never since his mother had gone to heaven. And down those wrinkled cheeks the tears began to course, very big and very fast.

"Don't cry, Dan; because God loves us, though we have sinned, and he sent Jesus into the world to save us."

Dan's heart was broken. He could only say: "God be merciful to me—the worst of sinners."

As little Annie talked with him he came to see it all—how Jesus had died for him and was able to give him a clean heart and a right spirit. Little Annie left him praising God, his heavenly Father, for such wonderful love, and went away to tell the gentleman at her home.

"Now, sir," said she, "you must believe that Jesus loves me, because old Dan Hunter has really begun to love him, and he has got converted."

"Nonsense," laughed the gentleman. "Why, Annie, whoever told you that?"

"Well, you'll see."

And he did, and so did everybody in town. They saw the old, ill-tempered Dan turning into a man so kind and gentle that everybody in the village was a friend to him and found a friend in him. All his sullenness was gone, and whoever passed his yard would be sure to hear a happy old man, as he worked with hammer and saw, cheerily singing about the wondrous love of Jesus. What a glorious guiding pillar that little girl was!

I must not close without saying a word to any who are not Christians. I must not let you go away without pointing you to the Light of the World. An old pilot of the Hudson River Line lay dying. A minister came in and talked with him, and he was respectful but unmoved. The preacher felt that he must say something that would appeal to him. Just then the Spirit of God seemed to say to him: "Present Jesus as the pilot's Pilot." And so he said: "Now, you have many times piloted your steamer away from the rocks; the current is running against you now, and the fog is on, and you need a pilot. Jesus is the pilot's Pilot; won't you take him on board?" The man's attention had been caught and his heart won, and with tear-wet eyes he said, "I will," and with the Savior's joy in his heart and a happy light in his eyes, Christ piloted him home. Will you take Jesus as your Pilot to-day?

THE DROWNING MONARCH

"And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them. But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left."—*Ex.* xiv. 28, 29.

WHEN the angel of death made that terrible night pilgrimage to the homes of Egypt, leaving behind him the firstborn dead in every house he entered, the land was not only filled with sorrow, but the hearts of the Egyptians, from the palace to the hovel, were awed and terrified. Their first thought was to get the Israelites out of the country. They began at last to understand that these terrible plagues were coming upon them because of their conduct toward these people whom they had made slaves. So great was their terror that they not only did not try to prevent them from going, but they helped them to get off and urged them to hasten their departure.

But after the Hebrews had been gone a few days another phase of the situation began to make itself felt. These people had formed the great mass of

the laborers of the country. They had been the hewers of wood and drawers of water and the servants of every kind. When they were gone, the people had to do their own work. Hands all unaccustomed to manual labor had to take it up or everything would come to a standstill. In every well-to-do house and on every farm in the land there was a great vacancy and a growing discontent at the loss of service to which they had been accustomed. And the more they thought about it, the more keenly they began to feel that they had acted too much on sudden impulse in allowing their servants to leave them, and that the best thing they could do would be to go after them and bring them back. True, they shuddered when they thought of the plagues they had suffered, and especially of that last awful night that had struck home so close to their hearts. But they began to argue that it must have been some strange magic or merely a coincidence that would not occur again, or recklessly to feel that they would rather risk anything than give up their servants; and perhaps others, hardened in their hearts, were full of hatred toward God and determined that they would not yield to him. So the discontent began to make clamor, and Pharaoh with his hardening heart was ready to fall in with it and to lead in the pursuit of the Hebrews.

What an illustration of the futility of a reformation which does not go down into the depths of the conscience, but which is only caused by a spasm of fear! My observation is that there is no man who will drink liquor with such utter recklessness as the drunkard who has been restrained by the fear of delirium tremens or with the threat of trouble in his home and has not drunk any for two or three weeks or a month. When the fright dies out, he goes back to his cups with reckless abandon. And it is true of every other sin. The fear of consequences alone can never take the place of a deep repentance which has its source in the conscience. Perhaps you have said to yourself that you are determined this New Year shall see you a better man or a better woman than the last year. As you have gone over the secret accounts hidden in your own heart they have alarmed you, and you have said, I must do better. But it will all amount to nothing after a few weeks or months unless you definitely set yourself to obey and serve God.

Pharaoh and his people soon determined on the pursuit of the children of Israel and overtook them on the shores of the Red Sea. The great host of poor people who were fleeing for their lives were greatly frightened and discouraged. But God opened up a way across the sea for them. He may have done so by natural causes, the wind pushing

back the waters of the sea, as is often done, or it may have been altogether a miracle. I know not, and it is of no great importance to us. God leads his children who trust him, and protects them. The pillar of cloud and of fire which had been going before them settled behind them and was a constant delusion to the Egyptians. No doubt if they had seen that they were marching into the Red Sea, with the waters standing on either hand, they would have gone back in fright. But they did not understand. The side of the cloud which was toward Israel was full of light, but the side which was toward Egypt was darkness. They would get close enough so that they could hear the shouts of the leaders of the Israelites, and they kept pressing on, thinking that they would soon overtake them. But they had many troubles. Their chariot-wheels kept coming off and the pursuit was delayed, until Moses, leading the host of Israel, had passed out on the other side of the Red Sea. Then the waters returned, and proud, hard-hearted Pharaoh and his hosts, with all their war chariots and their equipage, were drowned in the midst of the sea. This was the end of Pharaoh's hard heart. The doom had been coming on a long time. He had been warned again and again. No man ever had a fairer chance, but he would not give up; he was determined to have his own way,

and he had it, and the end of it was death. Pharaoh was a martyr to hard-hearted rebellion toward God. The devil has a great many more martyrs than has Christ. Some one has well said that the world's crowns of roses are sharper than crowns of thorns; oftentimes its scarlet frets more than goatskins and sheepskins; and there is many a man and many a woman dancing to the world's music who weeps the silent hidden tears of the heart at the same time. Fox's "Book of Martyrs" is not a large book, but if ever the devil should get out a Book of Martyrs there is no library in the world that would be big enough to hold it. And what a contrast between Christ's martyrs and the devil's! No man ever yet gave his life for duty in Christ's name without honor. The most glorious deeds of human history are the records of life given up by men who for Christ's sake have gone to their death.

There is a memorial in Glenalmond School, Scotland, to a lad who went forth from that school. Till time shall be no more, there can be no grander deed, in every sense, done by mortal soldier—let alone by a boy just out of school, a mere lad of seventeen, who yet was an officer in the Highlanders. It was the time when the *Birkenhead*, the great troop-ship, struck on a rock, and the soldiers were formed in ranks to die, while the women and children were being saved. Young Russell was or-

dered into one of the boats carrying the women and children, for the purpose of commanding it, and he sat with dimmed eyes in the stern some way from the doomed ship, watching the forms of his beloved comrades and fellows standing upright there. He saw the ship go down, carrying with it the hundreds of brave hearts. He saw the sharks, those fearful creatures of the deep, seizing their prey, and heard the screams of men who were being torn to pieces. Then, just when all for him was safe, when to him was given (with honor) life, ambition, and glory, he saw a sailor's form rise close to the boat, and a hand strive to grasp the side. There was not room in the craft for a single person more without great risk of upsetting the boat. But as the sailor's face rose clear at the boat's side, a woman in the craft called out in agony: "Save him! Save him! He is my husband!"

"No room in that boat for one more!" But Russell looked at that woman, then at her children, and then at that sailor struggling in the waves, with his eyes beseeching help, then at the dreaded sharks feasting on every hand. Alexander Cumine Russell rose in the stern of the boat. With a bold plunge he jumped clear of it and helped that sailor into what had been his own place—and safety. Then amid a chorus of "God bless you!" from every soul in the boat, the young officer—a lad of

seventeen—turned to meet his death. Those in the boat shut their eyes and prayed. When they opened them again, Alexander Russell was nowhere to be seen. The martyrs of Jesus Christ are men like that. The men and women who, whether in public emergency like that or in the quiet, humble place of duty, give up their lives in Christ's dear name are all honorable. Whether rich or poor, whether famous or unknown, they have the sweet consciousness that they please God, they have the noble self-respect of those who do right and live purely. But the devil's martyrs—how different is their condition! The drunkards who go staggering to the gutter; the broken-hearted suicide who with pistol or poison meets his death; the dungeons and jails where they hide! Ah, the devil has his martyrs, a thousand to one, and such martyrs!—self-respect gone, honor vanished, hope destroyed, the wild sea of despair rolling about them, more terrible than the sea in which Pharaoh met his death!

In all this let us never forget that God was as willing to save Pharaoh as he was to save Moses. But Pharaoh would not be saved. Moses put himself under God's protection and leadership. Pharaoh refused God's invitations of mercy and kept himself at enmity with God. Yield your heart to God, and there is infinite peace. Fight against

God, and there is no peace. "There is not peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the second son of the King of Sweden, has been for several years a very earnest Christian man. He is an officer in the navy, and not long ago, in making an address about readiness to meet death, he vividly described the difference in his frame of mind when he once was in imminent peril before his conversion and at another occasion after his conversion, when he found himself as commander of a Swedish man-of-war in a very critical position. He was at anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar and a heavy gale came on. A large steamer that was entering the harbor with hundreds of emigrants on board collided with a man-of-war at anchor a little farther off, and came drifting on to the Swedish ship. It went down only a few fathoms ahead of the latter. Then the Prince did all that could be done to save the men who were struggling with the waves.

On the first occasion, during a hurricane in the North Sea, when his ship was chased on the billows and in danger of running ashore, he went to his cabin and got out his Bible and looked for consolation, but found none. Every word seemed to condemn him. He discovered that he was not reconciled with God. Not long afterward he sought salvation in Christ and became a happy Christian.

On the second occasion, in the harbor of Gibraltar, he said he felt perfectly at rest and had full peace in his heart. Tho he felt keenly the pain of a possible parting from his wife and children, his heart was at rest, knowing that for them as well as himself all things work together for good. The difference between his feelings on the two occasions was that his inner life had been transformed through the forgiveness of his sins by faith in Jesus Christ.

I call you this night to this sure resting-place for your soul.

A sailor in a shipwreck was once thrown upon a small rock and clung to it in great danger until the tide went down. "Say, Jim," asked his friends after he was rescued, "didn't you shake with fear when you were hanging on that rock?" "Yes, *but the rock didn't*," was the significant reply. Christ is the Rock of Ages. In him you may find rest.

"They that find Christ, find peace.
A great rock's shadow in a weary land;
Fountains and palm trees after desert sand,
After the prison-pen and chains—release!
Oh, glad the heart that enters into rest!
Oh, sweet the song at even when Christ is guest!"

THE BITTER WATER SWEETENED

"And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."—*Ex.* xv. 25.

THE story connected with this text reveals to us in a clear light the frailty of our human nature. We are so forgetful of blessings bestowed upon us when once they are passed and we are confronted with harassing trials. One would think that after the experience which the children of Israel had at the Red Sea, and the marvelous deliverance which God wrought in their behalf, it would have been a long time before they could have been tempted to doubt God again. But it was not long before it was forgotten. After their songs of triumph and a little rest they started on their journey and came to Marah, three days' march into the wilderness. The country was very poorly watered and they were soon suffering bitterly from thirst. And, instead of crying out to God in prayer themselves, they murmured against Moses, as if it were his fault, and they besieged him with inquiries, saying: "What shall we drink?" At last they

came to Marah, where there was water, but the waters were bitter, and they were worse off than ever. Their thirst was only mocked by the bitter water, the appearance of which was so attractive to them in their condition, but which it was impossible for them to drink. It began to look as tho a great calamity was about to take place. But Moses was growing in faith, and he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree which grew near by, and directed him to cast the branches of this tree into the waters, and on his doing so the waters became sweet and palatable.

The message I bring from this story is very plain and simple. It is that amid all the bitter waters of experience which come to us in this world, there are none so bitter but Jesus Christ can sweeten them and make them not only bearable but even palatable. It is a world full of accidents, and sudden and serious harm is likely to come to any of us at any moment in spite of any care we may take; but nothing can come that will be so hard to stand, that will be so bitter to endure, that Jesus can not give us courage and faith and hope to sweeten the experience.

A missionary, who was at home for a little while from his work in a foreign land, was getting ready his stereopticon in a church on a Sunday evening before the congregation had arrived. He was pre-

paring for a missionary address. There was an explosion and he was very badly hurt.

The police sergeant said of him: "He was a brave man, sir. I admired him very much, sir."

"You took him to the hospital?"

"Yes, sir. We heard the explosion, and some one rang in the call, and we came down with the patrol wagon. We got him out from under the splintered benches and took him to the hospital. It's not at all likely that he can live; but he is a brave man, sir. He kept saying that he thanked God that it happened while he was alone in the church, and that no one but himself was hurt. One hand is gone and part of the other, and he's badly cut and bruised, but he did not complain. I am thinking the kind of religion that makes men that brave and thoughtful of others is a good kind to have, sir."

The man who had held this conversation with the police sergeant went to the hospital to see the injured man, and he found him full of good-cheer. Among other things he said: "I have been working all my life since I became a missionary to establish a hospital for our work in India, and now, when I get hurt, here I am in a Christian hospital here. Is not that bread cast upon the waters returning after many days? I tust lie here and thank God for the kindness of all these people."

The secret of it all was that he had found the tree which sweetens the bitter waters.

In an interior town in Illinois there is a woman of lovely Christian character who has been a "shut-in" for many years, most of the time unable to leave either her room or bed. The fragrance of her beautiful life fills not only the church of which she is a member, but is a blessing to the entire community. Not long ago the young people among her friends celebrated her birthday, taking her, as a present, a beautiful cross resting on a bank of flowers. At the foot of the cross were the words: "Simply to Thy cross I cling." The good woman was deeply touched by this manifestation of affection, but, as is her habit, she thought how she might give some one else happiness with it, and after enjoying the flowers for a little while she sent them to her pastor with an affectionate greeting and the statement that the motto was the secret of her happy life in the midst of her affliction. The pastor was deeply touched by her unselfishness, and in turn gave himself the joy of passing the floral piece on to another "shut-in." When the pastor called he found this woman suffering much pain. He told her the story of the floral piece, and called her attention to the motto at the bottom of the cross. Tears filled the woman's eyes, but after a moment she became composed and said to her pas-

tor: "You do not know how much the words on this cross and your action in remembering me in this way comfort my troubled heart. This I am doing—'Simply to the cross I cling,' and there I find peace." Ah, it is only Jesus Christ and his cross that can sweeten the bitter waters of sickness and affliction until the sick-room is fragrant with hope and faith and love!

The presence of Jesus Christ as the Comforter and Savior alone can sweeten the bitter waters of old age. I think few of us appreciate how much Christian love and faith do to make people tender and gentle to the old and the weak. Dr. Charles Frederic Goss tells of a saloon-keeper in Cincinnati who lives in a beautiful house while his old father and mother live in a hovel. Some one asked him why he did not help them.

"Help them!" he answered hotly. "Why should I help them?"

"Why? Why?" exclaimed the gentleman, in surprise. "Because they are your parents, and brought you into the world."

"But I didn't ask them to bring me. I am under no obligation to them for it. Life is no blessing in itself. They didn't consult me!" he replied.

How differently men talk who have been reared in Christian homes and have grown up to love Jesus Christ and to live with tender heart and lov-

ing gratitude toward those who watched over them in their youth!

Christ sweetens the waters of old age with the hope and anticipation of a blessed immortality. *The Daily Mail*, of London, recently told the story of the passing out of the world of Robert Chapman, who was ninety-nine years of age and had lived in five reigns. He was bright and full of the glorious hope in Christ to the last. When he was near ninety he wrote a hymn which utters his hope in Jesus:

"My soul, amid this stormy world
Is like some fluttered dove,
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to Him I love.

"The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are loosed by Jesus' hand;
Before his cross I now am left
A stranger in the land.

"That visage marred, those sorrows deep,
The thorns, the scourge, the gall—
These were the golden chains of love,
His captive to enthrall.

"My heart is with him on his throne,
And ill can brook delay;
Each moment listening for the voice,
'Rise up, and come away.'

"Fain would I, Jesus, know thy love,
Which yet no measure knows;
Would search the depth of all thy wounds,
The secret of thy woes.

"Fain would I strike the golden harp,
And wear the promised crown,
And at thy feet, while bending low,
Would sing what grace has done.

"Then leave me not in this dark world,
A stranger, long to roam;
Come, Lord, and take me to thyself,
Come, Jesus, quickly come."

No one can read that hymn without knowing that into this aged man's life there had come the branch which sweetens all earth's cares. What a glorious thing it is to grow old like that!

To the bitter waters of sorrow and repentance Jesus Christ comes with the sweet branch of forgiveness and pardon. A good Christian woman was traveling not long ago on her way to London from the north. She was alone in the compartment when a young railway man in uniform handed his wife—scarcely more than a girl—into the carriage. The fast-melting snow was flooding the meadows and the air was bitterly cold, so the older woman said: "Wouldn't you like the window shut? It's very raw this morning."

The young woman started. "Oh, yes, please; I

forgot. I wasn't cold. I came away in such a hurry—I had only two hours' notice."

The older woman thought that her young companion was evidently in trouble. Suddenly an idea struck her, and she said: "I expect you have had no lunch if you came away so hurriedly. Will you accept some of my sandwiches?"

A rush of unshed tears came to the young woman's eyes as she thanked the other gratefully. The ice was broken and she told her story: "My father is dying—they have just telegraphed for me—I am summoned home to see him die—it is hard, so hard!"

A few words of sympathy brought the ready tears, and they were falling quickly when the Christian woman ventured a direct question: "And your father; is he ready to die?"

"Oh yes!" the words came brokenly; "he is one of the best of men—as good a man as one could meet."

"But goodness is not enough," the other ventured, timidly but bravely. "Is he really trusting in the Lord Jesus as his personal Savior?"

"Yes, he has been an earnest Christian for many years."

"Then you can not regret his being called, if he is old and full of years. It only means going home to the Lord Jesus in glory, and

you will meet him some day again, will you not?"

Another rush of tears, and she burst out: "Oh, I am not a Christian—I do wish I were! I have wanted to be saved for many years, but somehow I could never understand the way!"

"Suppose God has sent you to meet me, in order that from his Word he may show you the way here and now! Are you willing to accept Christ as your Savior?"

"Yes," she answered; "I am—that is exactly what I want."

The Christian woman took out a little pocket Bible, opened it at the first chapter and the eighteenth verse of Isaiah, and asked her new friend to read it: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Tho your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; tho they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"There, you see, is the Lord's invitation; are you willing to accept it?"

"Yes, I am!"

"Then let us tell him so!"

The train was rushing on at a rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, but there, in that compartment of the express, the two women had a little prayer-meeting and the Lord drew very near. From the young woman's lips came a sentence of earnest

prayer as in the simplest fashion she gave herself to the Lord Jesus, yielding heart and life and soul to him just as she was, forever!

Then she read for herself those words in John vi. 37, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," and the other woman asked: "You have come, here in this railway train, and given yourself to him?"

"Yes, I have."

"Then has he cast you out?"

"Oh, no. He said he wouldn't."

"Then what has he done?"

"Why, he has received me!" and the light of sudden joy broke over her face.

Then her friend asked: "Since he has received you, who has to deal with the question of your sin —you or the Lord Jesus?"

"Why, he has."

"Yes. See what his Word says about it: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.' Whose transgressions was the Lord Jesus wounded for?"

"Mine!"

"Then you are free!"—and together they read that wonderful verse in the first person: "He was wounded for *my* transgression, he was bruised for *my* iniquities—the chastisement of *my* peace was upon him, and with his stripes *I* am healed!"

Then together they thanked and praised Christ for so great a salvation.

A few days later the Christian woman who had led that young girl to Christ received a letter from her, full of joy and assurance in God. "Perhaps," she said, in closing, "I may never meet you again on earth, but I shall see you in heaven, where I shall be one star in your crown."

That is how Jesus Christ sweetened one woman's bitter waters of sorrow and repentance and brought her to know infinite peace and joy. Will you let him come into your life and make it sweet and restful?

THE WELLS AND PALMS OF ELIM

"And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees; and they encamped there by the waters."—*Ex.* xv. 27.

IMAGINE a great army of people traveling across a desert land where water and green trees and grass were only to be found now and then, and you may have some conception of what it meant to that great pilgrim band of Israel when they looked upon the palms of Elim. They could see the palm trees long before they arrived, and their hearts must have leaped with hope. But as they drew nearer they saw that it was a great oasis, and only abundance of water could give such a sight. Seventy great palm trees, no doubt loaded with fruit, stretched far up toward the sky. How grateful was their shadow! And there were twelve wells, full of sweet delicious water, cool and refreshing, and beside these wells and in the shadow of these great palms the days passed by in gladness. They took heart again, the children played and laughed in the shade, weary limbs were rested,

and the whole army of pilgrims were comforted and refreshed.

What a beautiful illustration this oasis, this island in the desert, with its palm trees and its wells of pure water, is of the complete provision which God has made for us in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Everything you need for your salvation you may find there. These people were on a journey, and God led them to camp at Elim that they might be refreshed by the way. Thank God, our Elim can go with us and we may be daily refreshed with food and drink from hidden sources.

It is getting now to be a common thing for one locomotive to haul an express train from eighty to a hundred miles without change. Arrangements are made at certain points along the track so that, without halting, hundreds of gallons of water are taken up into the tank of the engine, while the train goes forward without the passengers knowing that any such thing has been done. So in the march of life the Christian may draw day by day and hour by hour the spiritual nourishment necessary to keep up courage and strength to battle successfully with all the ills of human existence.

The Elim to which Moses led Israel was stationary. But God opens an Elim to the vision of those who seek him wherever they may be. One dismal day in November, 1660, a man not yet mid-

dle-aged was brought to the old Bedford Jail on the banks of the sluggish river Ouse, in England, and thrust into a dungeon, and left. He did not know whether he was to be left there for life, to be banished to some far-off place, or to be hanged. Several times he was brought out for a trial, where he was abused and threatened and offered freedom if he would accept the terms; but he could not accept. Who was this prisoner in the old Bedford Jail? He had been a wicked young tinker; but while he was wicked nobody complained of him. As soon as he was converted, however, and changed his whole course of conduct, and woke up to find the Bible a new and wonderful book, a tyrannical government thrust him into jail. It made no difference that his hearers left off drinking, swearing, and rioting; or that he himself was a kind neighbor, a good husband, and the father of little children depending upon him—he must cease his preaching the Gospel or go to the jail.

Bedford people that day thought that John Bunyan was now to be as useless a man as any in England. But God was with him. He opened an Elim with seventy palm trees and twelve wells of water in that jail, and glorious spiritual visions came to him.

It was borne in on his heart to write a little book which children and humble working people could

understand. He was allowed a cell with a little light, paper, ink, and quills. The story of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was finished, and stole quietly out into the world.

Better days came for Bunyan, and he was free again, restored to his family, and allowed to tell wherever he pleased of the goodness of God and the power of Jesus Christ to save the sinner.

To his surprise one edition after another of his book was sold, and before he died it was read all over England and Scotland and translated into French and Dutch. If you were to go to the little town of Bedford to-day you could not find the old jail—the gnawing teeth of time have eaten it up. But they will show you the great oaken door which once closed John Bunyan's cell. When wicked men shut him up to silence and uselessness more than two centuries ago, God led him to Elim and fed him on heavenly palms and nourished him with the water of life, so that he might in turn help multiplied millions of people all over the world and for centuries to come. His written book has been more widely read than any other book except the Bible, and translated into almost every known language.

My friend, you need not be discouraged, tho the circumstances which surround you are so disheartening and hedge you in from doing what you

would like to do so completely that you sometimes feel that you are as great a prisoner as was Bunyan. Still, God has not forgotten you, and he is able to feed and nourish your soul in the midst of your hard case and cause you to flourish and rejoice in the glad consciousness of his love.

There was great variety in Elim. Among seventy palm-trees and twelve wells there would be variety enough to suit every one's liking. Some wells may have been deep, not everybody could get water there; some, no doubt, were fountains that burst forth at the very top of the ground, and little children would go there. So in the Elim of God's Word and in the gracious provisions of his Gospel we find abundant provision for the changing needs of our daily life.

There was a little girl who was very timid and fearful, and on her eighth birthday her father made her a present of a Bible. On the fly-leaf he wrote this verse as a motto for her: "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." It was a favorite verse of her father's. He had gone to the war when a mere boy, and had lost an arm from wounds in battle. He told his little girl that the verse had always done him good, and he thought that it would be a good one for her.

She looked at her father's empty sleeve, then read the verse again, and thought that if that verse

could make her worthy to be a soldier's daughter she would gladly learn it.

"What time I am afraid!" There were times enough and things enough to cause a little girl to fear. There was darkness, and there were dogs, and there were men who looked wicked and dangerous. She recited the verse very often, and it gave her comfort.

In later years, when she had grown to be a strong Christian woman, she said: "The things to be afraid of changed as I grew up. The occasions for fear were different from those that troubled me when I first learned the verse. But I made the discovery that the verse expanded as the girl grew into the woman, and it was just as good to inspire moral courage as it once had been to help me to go to bed in the dark."

"It is not the only verse of the kind," suggested the aged friend to whom she related the experience. "It is one of the constant discoveries of those who have learned to love the Bible that as they outgrow the conditions that first brought them comfort from it the Bible grows also and proves adequate for their needs."

So I offer you in the Gospel of Jesus Christ something that will not be a mere transient comfort, which after a while you will outgrow and then feel the need of some other support. You will

never outgrow the provisions of God's grace. You may drink as deep as you will of the fountain of life, but it will always be full.

John McNeill, the evangelist, tells how he used to stop to water his horse at a trough at the wayside. At first he wondered why it was always so full of water when there was so much traffic on the road and naturally many horses would be watered at that place. When he sought to satisfy his curiosity he found that there was a box in one end of the trough. As the horse drank, the water was lowered, and soon he heard a sound as of a running tap. Within that box there was a tap connected by pipes with a great reservoir. Attached by a lever to the tap was a metal ball which rested on the surface of the water. As the horse drank, the water on which the ball was floated lowered, and thus the ball was lowered; the lowering of the ball opened the tap, and the great reservoir constantly filled from the mountains began to pour in; so that, tho the horses were always drinking, the trough was always full.

It may be like that always with the man or woman who serves Jesus Christ. No matter how much you draw upon him, you may depend upon it that the supply will be abundant. The fountains in our Elim will never give out. We have only to see to it that we are drawing from the Great

Reservoir, and, like David, keep the eyes of our faith upon the hills of God from whence our help must come.

I am sure there are some who have been listening to this talk about Elim who have a longing for the palm trees and for the precious fountains that are to be had only in Jesus Christ. But you feel unworthy, and do not see how you are going to fit yourself to purchase a right to the gracious and glorious blessings of the Christian life. My dear friend, you never can earn enough to pay for Elim. You must take it, as Israel did, as a free gift of God's mercy.

A mother lay dying. Her parched lips thirsted for something refreshing. Her fourteen-years-old daughter stood by her bedside. Suddenly the thought came to the daughter: "I have seen such beautiful grapes in the hot-houses of the court garden; I'll go and ask the price of one bunch. Oh, if I could just get one bunch for mother!"

The little girl slipped away with all haste, and soon reached the first lodge. The guard stopped her, and asked her errand. The little maid answered: "I must see the King."

"Impossible!" the guard replied.

"But mother is dying," pleaded the child.

"I can let no one pass these gates."

The poor child, with crushed spirit, burst into

tears. But just at that moment the King's son rode up, and, touched by the child's grief, asked the cause. Turning to her, he said: "Well, and what do you want with the King?"

"Please, sir, mother's dying, and I wanted to know what I could buy one bunch of grapes for? Mother's so thirsty!" and the tears flowed faster and faster.

Directing the little girl to follow him, the crown prince led her to one of the vineries, and, cutting with his own hand a fine bunch of the luscious fruit, he gave it to the astonished child, saying: "My father does not sell; he gives."

Friend, it is like that with God. We could never earn our salvation. We could never buy our pardon and the restoration of our souls. But what we could never buy we may have freely, without money and without price, through faith in Jesus Christ.

FOOD FROM HEAVEN

"And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."—*Ex.* xvi. 15.

THE story connected with this text is a signal illustration of the truth that God never calls any one to go forth on a march of duty without sustaining him for the journey. Israel had been absent from Elim but a little time until the food was scarce, and they began to cry out with hunger. In answer, God sent them bread. They went out from their tents one morning to find the dew very heavy on the ground, and when the dew was gone, to their great astonishment, they found still lying on the ground a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost. The people, not knowing what it was, named it by their question, "Man hu" (What is it?), and Moses told them that it was the food which God had provided for them. He then directed that they should gather it at the rate of a certain measure for every individual, and specially commanded that every day's supply was to be eaten up on its own day. Its appearance was like that of coriander seed, and it tasted like wafers

made with honey. Naturally the human nature of the people quickly came to the front in dealing with this generous supply of food. There were some who gathered more, and some less; but when they measured it those who had gathered too much had nothing over, and those who had made the mistake of not getting enough to fill the omer had no lack. Some people tried to get a corner on it by storing it up. No doubt they imagined that the Lord would fail them some morning and it would then be in great demand. But it spoiled on their hands.

Nothing could more clearly set forth the long-suffering patience of God in following after a peevish and fretful and sinning soul. God had shown this people infinite mercy, and again and again he had intervened to save them; but they soon forgot it all and murmured and cried out against him. Yet now again he intervenes and feeds them with the food from heaven. Some of you have been like these people of Israel. You have murmured against God. You have had trials and troubles and sorrows, and God has helped you many times. But you have forgotten it very soon, and it may be to-night your heart is bitter against him. Yet in his infinite tenderness God has not left you, and he still pursues after you, and to-night he bids me call you to repentance and invite you to

the feast. This very hour you may feed upon the bread from heaven. Dr. Hillis beautifully says: "God does not forget his sinning sons and daughters. Greater than a mother's, and more sensitive, is the heart of God. There is no heartache and no pain and no cry of the transgressor that does not awaken the sympathy of God. He who beholds the stumbling and the wandering and the falling of men and women, does so with a heart full of exquisite tenderness. Be it reverently said, no prodigal son can escape the sleuth-like love of God's pursuing providence. Go where you will, you can not elude it; tho you ascend up into heaven, God's love is there; tho you descend into the grave, his love is there; tho you make your bed among the vicious and depraved, God's love is there, still pursuing, still calling back to purity and happiness. Tho your way end in the dungeon or on the scaffold, there is one friend whose love never burns dim—that is God. His love will find you out, and if it may, will bring you back from the husks of the far country to the Father's house."

Is there any one here discouraged, to whom Satan whispers that it is too late to change? Are you hiding secrets in your sore heart that you feel you could not confess to any one on earth? There is one Friend who, knowing everything, still loves you. Tho your heart may have grown hard and callous;

tho your life may be like a deserted house, full of vice and vermin, a house into whose chambers you would not dare to take your most intimate friend, yet God does not turn back. He has set his heart upon winning you. Begin again. Let the old life and habits fall away like rags from your shoulders. Open your mother's Bible. Lift up your hands to your father's God. These falling tears perhaps will cleanse your eyes that they may read better the story of God's love. If your strength is as weak as the reed that grows down by the brink of the river, trampled down by some wild beast of passion, remember that God will not break the bruised reed. If the little spark of repentance, the little movement in your heart toward Christ and the better life, seems to be very weak and uncertain, still remember he has promised he will not quench the smoking flax, but if you start toward him with that little spark of interest, he will fan it into a flame that shall transform and glorify your whole nature.

We have in our text a beautiful suggestion of the spiritual food which God gives to those who obey him to sustain them in all their earthly pilgrimage. This is referred to again and again in the New Testament. On one occasion during Christ's ministry the people said to Christ: "Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, he gave them bread from heaven to eat." To this Jesus replied:

"Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven. For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world." "Then said they unto him, Lord, evermore give us this bread. And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." And in the second chapter of the book of Revelation one of the promises to him that overcometh is that he shall "eat of the hidden manna." It is the food which gives nourishment to the soul. There are many people whose bodies are well nourished but whose souls are famished with hunger. It is good to be well fed in body and mind and soul; but if one must lack anywhere, it is infinitely worse to be starved spiritually than physically.

A recent writer tells of a conversation he had with a friend about an old man who lived in their neighborhood. "There is one thing that I can't understand," said his friend, who was of a questioning mind.

"What is that, Hanson?" he asked.

"About old man Jones, down there at the foot of the hill. If there are any Christians in this country, he is one. He has prayed twice a day for forty years, and proved his faith by his works. He has worked hard, and has been ambitious to

lay up something for his family, yet he is exceedingly poor, has always been poor—often his family lack the bare necessities of life. That little cabin with the rocky patch of ground around it is all he has to show for a life of drudgery. Yet the Bible says that all things work together for the good of those who love the Lord, and to him that asks it shall be given. How do you explain it?"

"Let us go down and talk with him about it," was the reply.

The old man warmly welcomed them into his humble cabin, and set chairs for them by the open fireplace, for it was a cool day.

"I am glad to see you, Will. I have been wanting to tell you about a letter I got two weeks ago from Dave. Dave has professed religion and joined the church." The old man's eyes grew bright, but his voice shook a little. "I have been praying for that boy for many years, and I knew the Lord would save him." The light on the face, furrowed by care and toil and age, was good to see. "I am perfectly happy now," he continued. "Mary married a good man, and they have a good home. Sam is preaching the Gospel, and now Dave has chosen that better part. The Lord is wondrous good to his servants, and I can say with David, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want'"—and the old man went on and repeated the

whole psalm with such fervor and with such heart-felt appreciation that the two men who sat listening felt as tho they had never heard it before.

When he concluded, the young man who had first started the conversation concerning God's justness in the treatment of the old man inquired of him: "But haven't you often needed things that you did not get?"

"Oh, yes! certainly, there have been many times in our lives when we did not have all the worldly goods we wanted, but some way we pulled through," replied the old man, cheerfully. "Perhaps it was the result of bad management, perhaps it was best so; but that matters little. The Lord has made us so rich in everything else we do not mind a little poverty."

The two younger men climbed the hill in silence. When they had reached the summit, and stood looking back at the little cabin at the foot, the young man who had questioned God's goodness said simply: "I understand now."

Are you hungry for the food from heaven—the food that solaces sorrow; the food that quiets the restless spirit; the food that gives us patience in time of trial; the food that has the taste of honey in times of bitterest disappointment; the bread that nourishes the better life, the holier ambitions, and strengthens the hand that would stretch forth

to help and save the weak? Then come to Christ and eat.

Only one other thought I wish to impress, and that is that we must eat this food for ourselves. When the manna was given to the people there was this suggestive statement: "This is the thing which the Lord hath commanded, Gather of it every man according to his eating." We are personally accountable to God. We have personally sinned against God, and we must individually seek forgiveness for sin and eat of the food from heaven if we would be saved.

A pretty story is told of a little girl who attended a revival meeting and who had a longing desire to come to Jesus, but she was very timid and fearful, and so she went to the man who was leading the meeting and asked him to pray for her in the meeting, but begged him not to mention her name. In the meeting which followed, when the congregation were all bowed in prayer, the gentleman prayed for the little girl something like this: "O Lord, there is a little girl here who does not want her name known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul!" Then he paused, and for a moment there was perfect silence, which was broken by the little girl herself. Away back in the meeting she arose, and in a timid but earnest voice said: "Please, it's me, Jesus; it's me." The more she had thought

about it the more she felt that she did not want any misunderstanding or doubt about who it was.

Oh, my friend, come to the feast of God's love and eat of the bread from heaven which he has provided for your soul!

AARON AND HUR

"But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun."—*Ex.* xvii. 12.

THE hosts of Amalek were gathered in battle array on the path over which Israel must march. There was no way but to fight their way through. They must cut a path with the sword. Joshua was in command of the troops in the field, and a braver soldier never lived. To inspire his people with courage, Moses, accompanied by Aaron and Hur, went up on to a hilltop overlooking the battle-field, and Moses took with him the rod which he had taken down into Egypt, and which God had used in working the miraculous deliverance from bondage. It was this rod which the Lord commanded Moses to stretch out across the sea when the people were in despair because of the pursuit of the Egyptians. Before that rod an open pathway had been formed through which Israel had walked in safety, and it was when that rod had been waved

back over their course that the waters of the sea came together again to the destruction of Pharaoh and the hosts of Egypt. Naturally there was nothing so inspiring to the Israelites as the presence of that rod with them, and when, hard pressed, they cast an eye toward the hill where Moses stood and saw that he had the rod of God in his hand, their faith returned and they fought with unconquerable courage.

But as the day wore on Moses became very weary and sometimes let down his hands for rest; and when he did so Israel showed every sign of giving up in dismay, so that it seemed sure the fate of the battle would depend on that rod of God which had all the inspiration of a battle-flag when kept in sight of the struggling soldiers. Then Aaron and Hur came to the support of Moses. One upon either side, they steadied his hands. They acted as a prop or support to his arms, and held them steady, so that the sacred rod was held aloft until the setting of the sun, and the battle was won.

No illustration could set forth with greater clearness the importance of the secondary forces in human society. Between Aaron and Hur and Moses there was a vast difference in ability and original power. Moses was one of the great men of the world in force of character, in strength of mind,

and in moral resource. Aaron and Hur were secondary men. The work of Moses was always a miracle to them. But each in his place had his own work to do, and in emergencies like this they were just as valuable to Israel as Moses, because without their support the strength of the great leader would have failed and Israel would have been defeated. The strength of Moses was multiplied by these two loyal and faithful helpers.

There is always a temptation to people who are not in the leading positions to feel that no great harm will be done if they are not present on the battle-fields of their church, when it may be that the presence of some very inconspicuous member will turn the tide and change what would be a defeat into victory. How mightily the church would be reinforced if all its members would come with such power and ability as each one possesses and give support in fighting the battle for Jesus Christ! This is peculiarly true in revival meetings. In a meeting where concerted action is important, and where the success depends upon cooperation, no one can tell whose help is most needed. The great thing is for all to have a hand. It may be the whispered persuasion of some timid but earnest Christian, it may be the song at a venture, it may be a word of fervent prayer, that shall reach the soul of some unconverted listener and win him to Christ.

The wife of a Western judge was down at the mission in Cleveland, Ohio, one evening, when she was urged to go on the Gospel wagon to the dock and sing for the benefit of the sailors and the crews of the freight boats in the Cuyahoga River.

It was a noisy place. Whistles were blowing, bells ringing, wheels and hoofs clattering and rattling, and it was with an almost hopeless heart that, weary and ill, she began her song. But down in her soul there was a great longing to do somebody good; and, breathing a little prayer that the song might carry the invitation of Christ home to some wayward heart, she sang it at a venture. Being very tired, she went immediately to her home, five miles away, in the East End.

After the singers had departed a working man stepped off from one of the boats and came up to the gentleman who had charge of the meeting, and inquired: "Who was the little lady who sang the song from the wagon?"

When the name was given, he inquired where she had gone, and was told that she had gone home.

"Tell me where she lives," said the man, anxiously. "I must go and see her to-night."

The gentleman informed him that the lady was not well, and before he could reach her home she would doubtless have retired.

"Well," said the man, with quivering lips, "I

must go away on my boat before day, and shall not be able to see her; but I want you to tell her for me that my mother has been praying for me for twenty years, and that while I listened to her song to-night I gave my heart to Christ. I want her to know that through her song my mother's prayers have been answered, and I shall live a Christian life."

All the staff of mission workers, with the earnest preacher and his helpers, would have failed that night to save that man's soul but for the support of that woman's song.

Dr. Broughton, an earnest evangelistic pastor of Atlanta, Ga., tells the story of a bright young girl, a member of his church, who was invited by a friend to accompany him on a Wednesday evening to the theater. It was nothing new, but something whispered: "Don't go, Jennie." This peculiar something continued speaking to her: "Don't go."

She wrote her friend a letter and said: "I can't go to the theater to-night; there is something that tells me not to go." But there came back a note urging that it was a splendid play and ought not to be missed. She yielded and sent word that she would go. But before night her conscience troubled her again, and she sent a second note: "I am sorry to tell you, but I shall have to break my engagement. I can't go."

That night Jennie found herself in the church. She had been going to the theater on Wednesday evenings. The pastor met her and said: "Jennie, I am so glad to see you at the prayer-meeting. I feel that the Lord has something for you to do to-night."

She said: "I tell you, I have made up my mind. I am not going to another theater. I don't believe it is right for me to go."

The pastor congratulated her upon her decision, and in the course of the service he asked her to sing. She went and stood at the piano, and sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul." Her heart was on fire and she sang it more sweetly than she had ever done before.

The congregation was dismissed, but a young man, a stranger, lingered about the door. When the pastor spoke to him, he said: "That was the sweetest singing I ever heard. It carried me back to my boyhood days when mother used to sing to me. I have been a bad boy, but I have made up my mind I am going to serve Christ right now."

That young girl was just the supporter the pastor and church needed to save that young man's soul. The battle would have gone against the church if she had been absent.

God richly rewards those who give themselves up to be helpers of his cause. In the old times,

when David went forth to battle and left two hundred foot-sore soldiers behind to take care of the baggage, when they came back after the victory, laden down with the spoils of war, David declared that the men who stood by the stuff should have an equal share with those who went to battle. David learned that justice from God. And if we faithfully give ourselves to earnest endeavor to win souls to Christ, we shall often win when it seems to be failure at the time.

I shall never forget a scene I once witnessed at a prayer-meeting in a Western city. Just as the meeting was opening I noticed a big, broad-shouldered man, just verging toward middle age, come in and take a seat close to the front near the pulpit where I stood. He had a pleasing face, and was evidently entirely at home in a prayer-meeting. He sang with vigor, and his alert, sympathetic eye made me feel the appreciation he had for all the service. Toward the close of the meeting, I gave an opportunity for Christian testimony. After some others had spoken, the stranger arose and said: "You will never know, any of you, what this meeting means to me. It is one of those things one would have to experience to appreciate. I have not been in this church for twenty-five years. I was then a giddy, thoughtless boy who did not care much for church matters, but I used to go to

Sunday-school here, and Brother A——, over there, was my Sunday-school teacher. I have not seen him for over twenty-five years. I don't believe he knows me now. The last time I saw him he was on his knees praying, and two or three reckless boys of us crawled out of the window while he was praying, and I glanced back over my shoulder to see if he had discovered our retreat. But," and here his voice choked with emotion and his eyes filled with tears as he continued, "I never can repay what I owe that man. For tho I was a mischievous scholar and made him lots of trouble, his kindness and patience to me and to all of us, as well as my sincere respect for his Christian character, remain in my memory and were the chief cause of leading me to Christ fifteen years ago. For the last fifteen years I have had a very happy Christian experience, and I have more joy than I can express in standing here to-night in this prayer-meeting and saying this word of honest tribute to my Sunday-school teacher. His hair was black then, and it is white now; but I want him to know, and I want you all to know, that it was his patience and sympathy and Christian kindness which saved me from being a wretched, drunken loafer and made a Christian man out of me."

During all this time Brother A——'s face had been a great study. When the stranger first began

to speak he had been keenly interested, and I noticed him peering around, trying to get a look at his face; and then I saw the start of astonishment as he recognized in the big stranger his Sunday-school boy of twenty-five years before.

Brother A—— was the leading man of the church. He handled large business transactions; he was a public-spirited citizen whose name was everywhere held in honor; and when he was named as the teacher whose fidelity had been such a blessing to the stranger, the large congregation turned on him with affectionate eyes. The tears came, and one after another rolled down his cheeks. The effect on the congregation was electrical. The entire audience were in sympathy with the occasion.

After the stranger had closed, Mr. A—— arose to speak, and when he could control his emotion sufficiently to express himself, he declared it was the happiest surprise of his life; that up to this time he had always thought of this young boy as one over whom his influence had not been for good. He had been greatly interested in the young fellow, and had tried to do all that he could to lead him to Christ and make a man of him, and yet he had supposed that he had entirely failed, and through all these years he had never thought of him without a sense of regret and defeat; and now to find that God had been better to him than his fears, and

that his efforts had not been in vain, filled him with a joy too great for expression. Surely God is a good paymaster.

There must be some here this evening who long to be a blessing to their fellow men. You want to be a help to those who are about you. You never can be the best help to them until you give your own heart to Christ, and, walking in fellowship with him yourself, can point others to the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!"

GOD'S HANDWRITING

"And he gave unto Moses, when he had made an end of communing with him upon Mount Sinai, two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God."—*Ex.* xxxi. 18.

SOME people have sneered at this, as tho it were too great a thing for human credulity to believe that God would himself engrave his law upon the tables of stone for the direction of mankind. How strangely one will strain at a gnat and swallow a camel! When a man can take a force of nature, such as electricity, and send it under oceans and across continents, one after another, until it makes a circuit of the globe, impressing his message in far-off lands, why should we think it an incredible thing that the God who made man, and whose breath created all the great forces of the universe, should engrave his laws for the conduct of his children?

But these ten commandments written on the tablets of stone and committed to Moses bear inherent evidence of being written by the finger of God. These laws form the foundation of the laws of all

the civilized nations in the world. With all the benefits of modern education and culture, with all the development that has come to mankind through the course of the centuries and the thousands of years, there has risen no judge, no statesman, no lawgiver who has been able to improve on the ten commandments that were engraved upon tablets of stone amid the smoke of Mount Sinai. A man must be credulous indeed who believes that a baby picked up out of the Nile; nursed for a time by his slave-mother; afterward, until he is grown, the flattered adopted youth of the wicked Egyptian court; and later, for forty years, a sheep-herder in the desert, was able to write out by his own hand a code of laws that the combined intelligence of mankind after thousands of years can not improve upon. No, indeed; it is far less credulous to accept the statement made in the Word itself, that these great laws were written by the finger of God; and they have never been overthrown and never can be overthrown in the conscientious convictions of the human race. They are not man's work; they are God's handwriting.

No more serious or solemn thought can come to us than the great truth that we are to be judged by these commandments. Fashions change, but the ten commandments do not change. These divine words of God, written by his own finger, call for

genuine living. It is easy to deceive men by putting the best foot forward; but we never for one moment can deceive God.

I went fishing one summer day on a mountain lake up in New England. There was a house near the outlet of the lake, and my friend and myself were greatly pleased to find in the backwoods such beautiful buildings; the house, the barn, the ice-house, and the shop were all finely painted and made a very handsome appearance. So pleased were we with such a set of buildings that we kept talking about it as we rowed away to our fishing up in the lake. But this impression was soon rudely blighted, for on looking back, after a few minutes, my friend exclaimed in astonishment: "Just look at that!" I looked in the direction where he was pointing, and saw that the great barn, the paint and windows of which had so attracted us, was entirely unpainted and left in all its rude ugliness unfinished on the back side. It only had a painted front.

Alas! a great many people are like that barn. They wear a painted front of morality, but when you get back on the farm where they really live they are selfish and wicked. Is it that way with you? Remember that nothing that can not face the ten commandments can pass the Judgment Day without condemnation.

We may look into this law of God as into a mirror, and see ourselves just as we are. And the reason why so many go on year after year unsaved is because they put God's law out of their sight and will not see themselves as they are.

A young lawyer not long ago told me this story of his grandfather: He was a young man who had inherited wealth, and had always lived a moral life until he was thirty-five years of age. He was then drawn into politics, and the peculiar temptations surrounding him led him to become addicted to the habit of strong drink. The habit grew on him, and he continued to drink for fifteen years. In those years he wasted a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars. At fifty years of age he came home one night drunk, and fell down an embankment near the house, and skinned his face until he was much disfigured. He spent the night in a drunken sleep. The next morning he was haggard, but sober. When he looked into the mirror as he was dressing, he started back in amazement at his face.

"What did that to my face?" he inquired of his wife.

"Oh," was her reply, "you came home drunk last night, as usual, and fell down the embankment, and tore the skin off it."

The man looked at his face for a while in awful

disgust. Never before had he seen his drunkenness in this light. Then he turned to his wife and said, as he lifted his hand to heaven: "If that's what a man does when he gets drunk, God helping me, I'll never touch liquor again!"

He became an earnest Christian man, and God gave him strength to overcome the habit that had ruined him. He lived thirty-seven years longer, an honorable, sober-minded, God-fearing citizen, and died honored by all. What a striking illustration of that wonderful figure of St. James, where he compares the Word of God to a mirror! He says: "If any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

Your religion must be judged by this law. If you are knowingly violating any one of these laws, then you must know that you are under condemnation of God and unless forgiven through the blood of Jesus Christ, the Savior, must bear the final doom of that broken law. I know there are men who think that they can tamper with this law, but it will grind them to powder. I know that in

modern business life and in social life there are standards set up which are contrary to this law written down by the finger of God. But a man would better die in the poorhouse than grow rich and successful by deliberately breaking one of these laws. Nothing is so pitiable as the way men are being tempted these days in the mills of human greed in these great cities.

A Christian man of my acquaintance, who is a very fine managing butcher, lost his employment some time ago because the firm for which he was manager went out of business. He at once began to seek a new position. Hearing that a man who owned several butcher shops wanted a manager for one of them, he went to see him and showed his letters of recommendation. The man was pleased with him and at once expressed willingness to employ him at the wages desired. About the time my friend thought the whole matter closed, the other man turned to him and inquired: "Can you cut your wages out of the scales?"

"What do you mean?" inquired my friend.

"I mean just that," said the other. "Can you cut your wages out of the scales?" And he accompanied the question with a knowing look.

"Do you mean, Can I cheat your customers enough to pay my wages?"

"Well, you can put it that way if you wish."

My friend looked him straight in the eye, and said: "Don't you know that I should be a very dangerous man for you to have as manager of your business if I were willing to do what you ask?"

"How's that?"

"Why, if I would cheat your customers I would cheat you first of all. You would be the first man I would beat. But I can not cut my wages out of the scales, and will not have anything to do with that kind of a business."

About two weeks later my friend had a call from this man, who said: "I wish you would go and take that business and manage it for me in your own way."

But the Christian butcher shook his head, and said: "No; after what you said to me I should always feel that you expected me to cheat for you, and I will not work for a man whom I believe not only to be dishonest, but who expects me to be dishonest."

A few weeks later he got a good position.

Now this story, which I know to be true in every particular, reveals the pressure which is constantly being put on business men to make them dishonest. The young business man needs to remember that he can not cut his wages out of the scales in any department of human life without cutting honor

and truth out of his character, and at the same time cutting out his hope of heaven.

Will you come and take a look in the mirror of God's law to-night? Look there at your own conduct, at your own ambitions, at your own purposes for to-morrow and the day after. Count over these laws of God, one after another, and look at your face as reflected in them, and tell me, Are you satisfied with the test? If, instead, the character you see there and the life that you see reflected there are marred by sin, then give heed to-night to the message of salvation.

By the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified. It is only because Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came and was born under the law and died on the cross for us, giving himself as a sacrifice for our sins, that we may have salvation in his name. But our sins must be forgiven, our hearts made white with the blood of the Lamb, before we can look in the law of God which we have broken and behold there a face which is reconciled to God.

One of the most brilliant leaders of society lost a little daughter, her only child. Her sorrow was very great, and to keep her hands busy in something about the child she took a photograph and with rare skill painted it till the sweet face seemed to live before her eyes. When the work was completed she laid the picture away in a drawer. In

a few days she looked at it again, and it was cov ered with ugly blotches. The eyes and the features were sadly marred. Again with loving patience she went over the photograph with her brush until it was as beautiful as before, with all the witchery of life. Then she laid it away again. But when she went to it, she found it a second time covered with marring spots. It was altogether ruined. There was something wrong with the paper. Some chemical ingredient in it, mingling with the paint, produced the spots. No matter how beautiful the picture was made on its surface, ever out of the heart of the paper would come the ooze of decay, spoiling it all. Dear friends, it is just like that when you undertake to adorn a life which at the heart is sinning against God. The wrong is in the heart, and there never can be peace to the soul and a blessed looking forward to a happy old age, a peaceful death, a joyous reunion with friends in heaven, an immortality made glorious by the love of Jesus Christ, until the sinful heart is cleansed, until your sins against God and his law are pardoned, and from your heart to the finger-tips the bounding life-blood carries the happy sensation that you have peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ!

THE GOLDEN CALF

"And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off. So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf."—*Ex.* xxxii. 24.

THIS old Bible story is eloquent in teachings important for the men and women of to-day. Moses was on Mount Sinai, communing with God, receiving from him the great words of commandment that were to be the foundation of human laws throughout all time, and also receiving directions for guidance as to the future of Israel. The people, left on the plain below, began to murmur and complain. They were fairly tractable when Moses was with them and they felt the magnetism of his powerful presence; but with him gone they were like children, and soon began to forebode evil and rapidly to become cowardly and afraid when their surmisings were not disputed by the strong and commanding voice of their leader.

Aaron was the brother of Moses, but he was a much weaker edition. As men go, he was a good man. Down at the bottom he wanted to do right,

but he was not a strong man. He was no man to confront a crowd that was opposed to him, and so after a while, when the host became more and more alarmed at the delay of Moses, and the rumor spread through the camp that he was probably dead and would never come back, and people began to cry out against God and claim that the religion that had led them off into this wilderness to die was false, and that the wiser thing would be to have idols and adopt the worship of the Egyptians, Aaron was no man to stay the tide. If Moses had been there, we can imagine the short work he would have made of any proposition to make idols and to worship them. No doubt if Aaron had attacked the matter at once, at the beginning, he could have put a stop to it. But Aaron never did have backbone enough to stand up and make a square fight. So he tried to change the subject and get along peaceably without stirring up opposition. Under that treatment the evil sentiment grew very fast and soon swept everything before it. Finally, Aaron felt that the only way to keep in touch with the people was to fall in line with them and do what they wished, and so when they said, "Make us gods," he told them to bring him their golden jewelry, and he set to work and melted the gold and put it into a mold and fashioned it into the shape of a calf and worked upon it with

graving tools until he had it ready to set up as a god.

And now Moses comes back from Mount Sinai and the day of judgment comes for these people. Aaron's conduct looked very different to him, I doubt not, when the people were all cheering him on from what it did now with the indignant, blazing eyes of Moses looking into his very soul, and that clear voice asking: "What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them?"

Moses was a good judge of human nature. He knew the kind of man he had to deal with. He knew Aaron well enough to know that he never originated things, but that he was like putty in the hands of others. So he says: "What did the people unto thee?" He knew that Aaron had yielded to the evil influence of others.

And then comes the answer of Aaron, which we have chosen for our text. It is full of human nature and is illustrated on every hand to-day. Aaron, under the pressure of the circumstances which surrounded him, had purposely molded that golden calf. He knew it was going to be a calf when he made it, and he had worked on it with a gravingtool to insure having as good a piece of work as possible. He could have made it anything else if he had wished. He could have made it into

some piece of furniture for the tabernacle, to be used in the worship of God; but he meant to make a golden calf as an idol, knowing that the people would bow down and worship it as a god. And yet see what he says—"I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf."

Now before you call Aaron hard names and say he was a liar and a hypocrite and all that sort of thing, let us note what multitudes of people there are like him in our own city to-day. The secret of Aaron's sin and folly in this reply was in trying to shift the responsibility for his own conduct off on to somebody else. He was like the father who sent his son away to college, giving him all the money he wanted to spend, and when the boy came back, a useless dude, the father sneeringly said: "I threw my money into the fire, and there came out this calf."

But, seriously, it is a customary thing for men to make excuses of that sort. Here is a man who came down from the country a few years ago to enter into the business life of New York City. He had already gained a certain success in his native town. For years he had been a member of the church and was an earnest and useful and happy Christian. His testimony was always outspoken for Christ. He was present in the prayer-meeting; he taught in the Sunday-school, and carried bur-

dens with willing shoulders for his Lord. But when he came to the city he found himself in new and strange surroundings. When he went to church he was a stranger, and he did not feel the same cordiality and welcome as at home. Moreover, the business life of the city was more tense, the competition more severe, the pace more rapid in every way, and secular affairs soon engrossed his attention, so that he gave little thought to anything else. When his conscience called him to a halt occasionally, he began to excuse himself by saying: "I must get on in my business, and until I get my feet on solid rock there other things will have to wait." But while he was getting his feet on solid rock in his business life the sands were slipping from under him spiritually. What is the result? Three, four, five, or six years have passed away, and that man seldom goes to church. Family prayer has long since been silent in his house. The people with whom he works never dream of his being a Christian man, and if I go and speak to him about it, he says: "It is this awful New York that did it. I was all right up in the country. There a man had time to pray and go to church and worship God and get to heaven. But here, in the midst of all this hurry and fret, in the midst of this turbid flood, there is no time for anything; I am caught in the current, and it has swept me

away from the old moorings, the old joy in religion, and the old faith in God." Is not that saying in substance exactly what Aaron said?—"I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf." As a matter of fact, the man is himself responsible for his condition. He knew when he came to New York that it was his duty to unite himself at once with the church of God and show his colors for Christ in the great city. He knew that in the midst of new and strange and untried temptations and difficulties he would more than ever need the presence of the Divine Spirit to strengthen him and guide him aright. He knew that prayer in his family day by day had never been so important to him as it would be now. He knew that a bold, strong, steadfast attitude for Christ and goodness at the first would put its stamp upon him as a Christian personality in all his career in the city; and yet, knowing that, he tampered and dallied with the subject. He drifted about and waited, and as he waited evil circumstances and vicious influences and associations, all unconsciously, perhaps, lowered his spiritual temperature until it became easier every day to neglect his duty to God, to Christ, and to the church.

Here is a woman who was raised in a most devout Christian family. All her girlhood was fragrant with love for Christ and with joyous Chris-

tian service. She looked forward to a life that should grow more and more helpful to the church which she loved. Those who knew her prophesied a growing womanhood that should become more saintly and beautiful as the years went on. But she was wooed and won by a man who was not a Christian. In the fondness of her heart, the gladness of her love, and the buoyancy of her faith she believed that he would soon share with her the Christian life. They were married, and for a time she kept up her attendance on the church, maintained her secret worship, and was true to God. But as the years went on she lost in spiritual vitality. She began to feel that if she would hold her influence over her husband she ought to yield to him at many points where her conscience would have guided otherwhere, and as she violated her conscience, even tho she excused herself on these grounds, peace with God died out of her soul. So after a few years you find her indifferent to religious matters and spiritually lifeless. When I speak to her about it, and ask her what has become of the blessed Christian experience she once knew, she says: "It is all because of the circumstances under which I have been placed. I married an irreligious man and have been thrown in such associations that I could not be a true Christian. That is what did it." Is it not exactly what Aaron said?

—"I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf." She knew that if she was to win her husband to Christ she would need to show him the most beautiful Christian life, and if she was to maintain perfect fidelity to Jesus it was necessary to live so prayerful and consistent a life that there would be no clouds between her heart and her Savior's face. Christ did not desert her. She deserted her Lord when she yielded to the suggestions of the devil and sought to win her husband by violating her own conscience.

There are many other cases at hand to illustrate our theme. The first impulse which God ever puts into any new convert's heart is the desire to win some one else to Jesus. The first feeling is:

> "Oh, that the world might taste and see
> The riches of his grace!
> The arms of love that compass me
> Would all mankind embrace."

And if this disposition, which is natural to every converted man or woman, is encouraged, there is rapidly developed a soul-winning habit, so that there is nothing more simple and desirable than to converse with others upon the subject of personal salvation. And as he grows older he grows wise and skilful through long experience, until he comes to the end with his arms full of sheaves for the

heavenly garner. But you sit in your pew to-day, and I know just as well as if we were conversing alone together what you are saying in your heart. You are saying something like this: "That is the one subject I can not talk to people about. I can talk to a man about business, or about politics, or concerning social matters; but when it comes to anything so personal as his relation to Christ and his heavenly Father, my tongue is tied. My time is so taken up with other matters, and I am so constantly meeting people on all these other lines, that I don't know how to speak to men about their soul's salvation." Oh, my brother, you have done just what Aaron did. You have taken the gold of your enthusiasm for Christ and your gratitude to him for your personal salvation, and you have thrown it into this furnace of your business life, and there has come out this idol that is dumb in the presence of an immortal soul going down to death.

But some others are hearing me this morning who somehow feel that they are outside all I have been saying. You are not a member of the church of Jesus Christ, and yet you hold yourself to a certain moral uprightness of life. You look on critically at the mistakes and failures of Christian people, and yet you yourself are not lifting one little finger to save men and women who are lost, who

are being crushed between the wheels of their sin. Once you were a boy or a girl full of all tenderness of heart, to whom the cross of Jesus Christ spoke so strongly that it melted you to tears; but you have hardened your heart and resisted the Spirit until you have come to be this cold, calculating, critical personality which you are to-day. You took all that youthful faith and possibility of love and helpfulness, and you flung it into the fire of life, and there has come out this calf of cynical criticism.

Charles M. Sheldon well says that if there is one thing more pitiable than any other in all creation, it is the sight of a man or woman standing outside of the whole struggle for better things and criticizing and finding fault with everybody who is at work. A self-satisfied, moral man says: "I don't make any professions. I don't pretend to be a Christian." But why don't you, my friend? What right have you to sneer at the people who have made professions? Is it not everybody's duty to make professions? Who are the people who to-day are bearing the brunt of the world's heavy work, who are laying everything they have on the altar to help make a better world? Are they the people who are looking on at the sin and the sorrow and the injustice, and criticizing it? You know very well that they are not. Instead, they are the peo-

ple who are in the middle of the contest, fighting the good fight of faith, giving a helping hand here, raising a fallen brother there, making mistakes themselves—as far from perfect, it may be, as you are; but, nevertheless, bowing their shoulders to lift the burdens of the weak and sacrificing their own comfort to seek and to save the lost. Are you not bringing yourself by your critical attitude under the condemnation which Jesus uttered to the respectable scribes and Pharisees of his time? The Master said to them: "Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." And again he said: "Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." My friend, do not put yourself in that position. For we may be sure that the people who spend their lives outside the church, criticizing the hypocrites inside, who never cease to remember every slight, real or fancied, and every injustice they have received from the professing Christian, while they never remember the multitude of good things done by church-members and professing Christians in all the ages; the people who sneer at Christians' mistakes and call attention to their shortcomings, while they themselves are doing nothing to save a sinning and

ruined world—these are the people whom Christ will judge at the last great day with righteous judgment.

But Aaron repented, and God forgave him. Will you do that? Whether you are in the church or out of the church, if the Holy Spirit has brought this plain and heart-searching message home to your conscience to-day, will you hear the voice of God and repent? If so, he will forgive and graciously lead you forth to a growing and a glorious Christian life.

LIFE'S CLIMAX

"And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written."—*Ex.* xxxii. 31, 32.

A LADY was once visiting the laboratory of a friend who was a chemist. He handed her a box, saying: "These are my precious things." She peeped into a small box on whose crimson velvet lining shone a collection of crystals of many colors. There were rich red garnet masses, dainty columns of tourmaline, turquoises of robin's-egg blue, one sapphire of clear azure, amethysts, opals with fiery gleams, sea-green beryls, and other bright mineral fragments. Among them she noticed a small dark green stone of no special beauty.

"Why do you have this dull thing among your pretty gems?" she asked.

"That," the chemist answered, "is one of my greatest treasures."

She looked more closely, but saw nothing attractive in the stone except its fine soft luster.

"See!" said the chemist, suddenly turning on the

mineral the light of a gas jet. Instantly fiery gleams flashed out in its darkness, and it blazed into a rich red glow like a royal ruby.

"This stone, the alexandrite," said the chemist, "does not show its beauty in the daylight; but by the artificial light of gas or fire it blazes out into its glorious color." God makes them different—stones and people. Do not think you have seen the whole of any person in one light, under one set of circumstances. Sometimes you must wait for a special light to bring out the noblest beauty of a soul. There are persons like the alexandrite, and they are treasures.

Moses was an alexandrite. It took the peculiar stress of a great emergency to bring out the transcendent beauty of his character. How magnificent he stands here before us! His people had sinned shamefully and brought trouble and sorrow on themselves and humiliation upon him, and yet in the magnanimity, the generosity, the self-giving spirit of his great soul he stands here ready to throw himself into the breach and to perish, if need be, for his people. He feels that he can not live and let them die. His heart so longs for them, so yearns after them, that he prays God to blot his own name out of the book rather than that he should go on and leave them behind. This is the climax in the life of Moses. He can never do a

greater thing than this. He can never rise to a higher point. And it is our supreme privilege to give ourselves with perfect unselfishness to the blessing and salvation of our fellow men.

When the Chicago Express came into the Central Station at Susquehanna one morning, several hundred passengers were grateful for having been saved from a fearful death, or from having been crippled for life. Between Binghamton and Susquehanna the train was making a mile a minute with no guiding hand on the lever. The engineer was dead. His body lay in the cab and his fingers were no longer at the throttle. He had been killed by a mail-catching crane as he looked out of the cab window.

The fireman did not realize the awful peril of the train until just before Susquehanna was reached. Then he knew the train was running wild. The huge locomotive rocked from side to side as it sped along. Faster and faster went the train, and the fireman grabbed the cab railing to keep his footing. The locomotive was rocking like a ship in a storm, and showed no slackening of its wild career. No warning whistle was heard, and Susquehanna was but a few miles away. The fireman called to the engineer across the boiler, but the thunder of the train made his cries seem like whispering. He then resolved at all hazards to see what the trouble

was. Three times was he nearly thrown off as he worked his way around to the engineer's side of the cab. After a struggle that seemed to take hours he stepped across the motionless body of the engineer. He leaped to the lever and threw it back, reversed the locomotive, and applied the air-brakes. For several seconds the wheels hung and the train slid on. It seemed like eternity to the fireman, but at last the locomotive was motionless. What an hour for that fireman when he realized that he had saved a train full of human lives! He must have felt that it was life's climax for him when he saw their grateful tears and listened to their tremulous words of thanksgiving.

And so let us emphasize this supreme phase of our theme to-night, that the great hour of life is not the hour when we exercise the most power or seem most successful in worldly affairs, but the hour when we rise to the height of complete unselfishness for the salvation of others. Not long ago I knew of a young woman who had just graduated from college with honor and had come home to live with her father, the pastor of a little church in the suburbs of a large city. This bright young girl, alive to the tips of her fingers, thoroughly equipped for good work, looked eagerly around her to find what she could best do to help her father and the church and to make herself of

service and blessing to the community. She quickly decided that, for one thing, she could gather a class of young women about her own age into the Sunday-school. She set to work, and, one after another, gathered about her a group of girls, until there were twenty-two of them. Then, as the year was drawing to a close, and special religious interest was being awakened in the church, she was deeply impressed that no one else had quite as good an opportunity to win these young women to Christ as herself. She gave herself over to the task. She visited each one of them personally and used all the powers of her good native endowment and her splendid education, consecrated as they were to the service of God, to persuade these young women to dedicate their lives to Christ. The result was that one Sunday morning, the first Sunday in the new year, at the morning service, that young teacher went to the altar with all that flock of twenty-two girls about her; and they knelt before the altar of the church, making an open confession of Christ as their King and their Lord.

Was there ever a more beautiful piece of work than that? Was there any other work to which this young woman could have consecrated even her fine abilities that would have done so much good in the same time? And what joy filled her soul that day!

Satan is cheating your soul if he is making you believe that there is anything in the world possible for a human being to achieve that will give as much happiness in return as unselfish efforts to bless and save your fellow men.

I know a man who for forty years and more has never been too busy—and he is a very busy man—to stretch out his hand to help any discouraged man or woman who came within his reach. Every year, every month, almost every day he gives somebody the lift upward. A friend of mine went in to see him one morning, and found him standing before a beautiful flowering plant, and noted that the tears were shining in the old man's eyes. It was a glorious plant, and as he turned to my friend he said to her: "I have had a plant like that sent me on this day of the month every year for over twenty years. There was a poor drunken fellow whom I got interested in, and I worked with him and prayed over him till I won him to Christ and saved him from drink. He has been a sober man and he has had a happy family all these years. And," said the old man as he brushed away his tears, "they never forget it, and every year, on the anniversary of his conversion, he sends me a beautiful flowering plant like this, and there is nothing that comes to me that makes me happier."

As my friend told me the story, I thought how

many barren and uninteresting lives there are that might be made glorious if only men and women would plant flowering shrubs of this sort. Such plants of thanksgiving grow ever green and ever fragrant out of the grateful hearts which we bless by our unselfish sympathy. Some who hear me, who are finding life dull and heavy, might have an Easter time of joyous life by giving themselves with unstinted devotion to winning souls to Christ.

I am sure some are here who are not Christians who, if only convinced of the truth that by their staying away from Christ others who are dear are being kept from the Christian life and blessing, would start this very night. Nothing makes me sadder than to see parents with little children growing up about them, and the father and mother, feeling that the Christian life is the only safe life, desiring that their children should be brought up in the Sunday-school and under the influence of the church, still staying away from Christ themselves and remaining outside of the church. My friends, bear with me while I plead with you, in behalf of the children who are dearer to you than your own life, that you rise to that climax of unselfishness, and for your children's sake, if not for your own, give yourself to the Christian life. You have now a chance to bless your children in a way that will never come to you again. It is these young days

of childhood, when the little minds are so plastic and the little memories so retentive, that count for more than any others in the history of your children. Do not imagine that there will ever come other days that can make up for the loss of these. No. Give your heart to God and be a true Christian father, a genuine Christian mother, to your little ones now, day by day, and in after years you will thank God for it more than for anything else.

I went one day to call on an old soldier. He was a rare, chivalrous man who, more than forty years ago, then in the prime of his life, went into the Civil War and won his general's stars by heroic service. During all the years since that time, as indeed before it and through it, he has been a loyal soldier of Jesus Christ. He was at the time of my call (for he has since gone to heaven) over eighty years young, and his heart was never happier, his face never more cheerful, nor his conversation more inspiring.

Suddenly, as we talked, he burst out in a joyous tribute of praise to God for the wonderful blessings that had filled his life. He went back to his youth and began with thanksgiving for his parents and their Christian teaching, and ran over his whole career. But the one thing he said that lingered in my memory and impressed me most was what he said about his children. That I shall

never forget. He said: "The Lord gave me four beautiful children, and what a joy and a delight they were to me! True," he said, "they all died young, and only one of them lived to be fifteen years of age; but I enjoyed every minute of them while they lived, and thanked God with them and for them every day."

I went away with the song of the old man's gratitude in my heart, and again and again I have recalled the expression of thanksgiving and gladness that he had done his duty by his children and had enjoyed them every day while they lived.

Dear friend, do not let the enemy of your soul cheat you out of the very sweetest blessings that life can ever bring. Give yourself completely to God and his service, that, like my old soldier friend, you can thank God with your children and for your children every day. Do that, and you will be an inexpressible blessing to them, and if they live to grow old they will thank God for the Christian father and mother who surrounded their childhood with an atmosphere of reverence and Christian faith.

Jesus Christ, our Savior, is always our supreme example when it comes to self-giving. Jesus came and emptied himself of all reputation, bore every form of insult and shame, and died upon the cross that he might win us from our sins and save us to

a beautiful and glorious life. If any man or woman here feels the pressure of sin's burden, feels bowed down by sin's load, feels handicapped by wicked habits, I want to call you again to note that Jesus Christ gave his life upon the cross that he might save you from your sad condition, and he has power to set you free from your sin.

Some years ago there came into Jerry McAuley's Mission in New York City a man who, because of disease that had come from his sin, was bent almost double and was unable to speak. He had been a man six feet high, and now he looked like a poor misshapen dwarf. He came to Christ; and when, kneeling at the altar, he gave his heart to Jesus, as if by a miracle the Great Physician set him free also, in a large degree, from his physical affliction. He was able to stand straight again. His speech, however, was not entirely recovered. It is a custom in the McAuley Mission for every one converted there to observe his anniversary each year and to give a testimony. Whenever the anniversary of this man occurred he would write out his story and have some one else read it, and then he would stand before the people, bowed down as he had been in sin, and suddenly rise before them in the full dignity of his Christian manhood, giving glory to God by his very power to stand erect.

Brother, Christ is able to set you free! Tho your

body be erect, the Holy Spirit, as I have been speaking, has been showing you how bent and dwarfed you are in your inner nature; but Jesus Christ can set you free from your wicked habits. He can change your heart and renew a right spirit within you. The supreme opportunity is before you. Will you accept it?

HORNETS AND ANGELS

"And I will send hornets before thee, which shall drive out the Hivite, the Canaanite, and the Hittite, from before thee." —*Ex.* xxiii. 28.

"And I will send an angel before thee; and I will drive out the Canaanite, the Amorite, and the Hittite, and the Perizzite, the Hivite, and the Jebusite."—*Ex.* xxxiii. 2.

No boy reared in the country who has ever been knocked down by a front attack from a mad hornet will at the first glance see the propriety of sending them to do the same work as that intended for angels. And yet that is exactly what our texts mean. We have here two descriptions given on different occasions foretelling the performance of the same work. There are certain enemies in the way of Israel that must be driven out before they can enter the promised land. On one occasion God promises Moses that he will send hornets before them to drive out these enemies and to give victory to his people. And on another occasion he declares that he will send an angel before them to perform the same work. Contradictory as these two texts seem, a little study shows us that they

are not contradictory at all, are indeed in perfect harmony, and that all the experience of mankind agrees in this, that in order that we may be saved from our enemies and brought to be the best men and women possible the work of both hornets and angels is required.

How true this is in the development of the strongest characters in scientific and professional life! The hornets of hardship are as necessary as the angels of good will and comfort. Dr. Lorenz, speaking before the Philadelphia Medical Club, said: "Forty-four years ago I was a little and very poor boy. One day, wandering along the street, I found a single glove. I put it on. It was much too large, and contrasted harshly with my feet, which were bare. Proud and happy I walked to my home and showed my treasure to my mother.

"'My dear boy,' she said, 'you will have to work very hard to find the other glove.'

"In the many hardships of later life I often remembered the significance of those words. But at the age of thirty, after many struggles, I had overcome all obstacles as a student, and arose to be first assistant to the late Professor Albert. I taught general surgery, and the dream of my life was to become a famous surgeon.

"But the dream never came true. I contracted a peculiar form of eczema. I could not follow my

chosen work. I thought that the other glove was gone forever, and I could scarcely resist the temptation to blow out my brains. In complaining of my lot to Professor Albert, he said to me: 'If you can't get along with wet surgery, try dry surgery.'

"So it was not by love, but by necessity, that I became a dry surgeon. But necessity is the mother of invention, and after twenty years of hard work I found at last the other glove."

So it was the hornets that spurred young Lorenz and stung him along the course till he became perhaps the most famous surgeon in the world and a great blessing to mankind. But in his case you see that the hornets and angels worked together. His necessities stung him to exertion, but his professor comforted him with hope.

If we turn to consider the influences that work together to develop the child into a good man or a good woman and to drive out the foes that are before him, you will find that the same thing is true. The tender mother who on occasion punishes, and who when necessary speaks the sharp word of reproof, seems at the moment like a nest of hornets to the child. But the angel of love back of it all and over it all makes the discipline work out the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The good mother is both hornet and angel to her child. The

mother who has no hornet in her composition usually ends by spoiling her child. She is a hornet when evil tempers and wicked passions assault her child, because she is an angel of love and self-sacrifice.

I often recall an incident in my own boyhood. I was a very young boy, but I was in college and felt myself very large. I got in touch with some rather reckless young fellows and they persuaded me to slip out of my home one night and go off with them some three miles to a neighborhood frolic of a sort that was utterly out of harmony with the kind of things pursued by my father and mother. Along about eleven o'clock, when everything was going very gayly, my father appeared on the scene, greatly to my humiliation. The dear man had walked that three miles after a very hard day's work, because he feared his boy was in danger of harm. But that side did not appeal to me at the time. He called me out and took me home with him. I felt greatly humiliated in the eyes of my companions and was very indignant at first. As we walked home my father gave me his view of the situation and his opinion of my conduct. His words stung me like hornets. But my father, who was one of the best men that ever lived, and who two years ago went home to heaven, never did a more angelic thing in his life. He never was more

perfectly the angel to me than that night when, at great cost to himself, he used the hornets of his control and rebuke to save me from the instinct of lawlessness and to sting me back to obedience and right living. I have loved him and crowned him in my heart for that deed for more than thirty years.

The hornets of trouble and sorrow often get us ready for the voice of the angel. When David gave way to his passions and fell into grievous sin, there was a long time when he seems to have followed his sin without any remorse. He was proud and reckless and determined to have his own way at any cost. He shut his eyes to his conduct, closed his ears to criticism; but at last, when the mercies of God could not affect him, God sent the hornets to sting him into remorse and show him the depths of his sin. The brave-hearted Nathan came to him and painted a picture of vile ingratitude and meanness that stirred David's soul to the quick. And in his hot wrath, aroused by the pathos and eloquence of Nathan at what David supposed to have been the sin of another, he commanded Nathan to reveal to him the name of the man who was guilty of such a crime, declaring that the sinner should die. Then Nathan raised his arm and pointed his finger straight at the king's face and said: "Thou art the man!" And like a thunder-

bolt from heaven David was smitten with the consciousness of his sin. How the hornets of remorse stung him! The tears flowed down his cheeks as he confessed his sin and prayed for mercy. Immediately, at the direction of God, Nathan became an angel of mercy to David. So long as David was hard-hearted and impenitent he was a hornet sent to rebuke and sting, arousing him to see his sin and turn from it; but the moment he loathed his sin and cast it out of his heart and turned toward God, Nathan became God's messenger of love to speak to him of forgiveness and salvation.

See Paul on the way to Damascus, proud, arrogant, bigoted, putting to torture women as well as men who professed the name of Jesus. At midday, as they draw near to the beautiful city, the white light of eternity, far brighter than the noonday sun, shines down upon them, and they fall like dead men to the ground. Out of this mysterious light there comes the voice which Paul recognizes at once as the voice of Jesus, and the Lord says: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? . . . It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." This was the hornet that stung Paul into humility and into a sight of his own sins against Jesus Christ. But when Paul, seeing his sin, yielded to the Lord and cried out, "Who art thou, Lord?" and "What

wilt thou have me to do?" an angel at once took him by the hand and led him away to receive light and spiritual benediction.

Stand in that courtyard with Peter on the night when Jesus was betrayed into the hands of his enemies. Peter crouches down over the fire of his Master's foes, shivering with the cold, and when they ask him if he too was not in the garden with Jesus, he denies it, and finally with a bitter oath declares he does not know the Lord. And then Jesus casts on him a look sharper than any two-edged sword, a look that breaks Peter's heart, that stings him to the very center of his soul, and he flees out into the darkness, weeping bitterly for his sin. That was the last look Peter got from Jesus until after his resurrection. Then you will remember that the first words of message which the angels sent to the disciples on Easter morning were that the women should go and tell the disciples "and Peter." Oh, what infinite love there was in that! First the look of Christ was a hornet to sting Peter into repentance for his sins, and then the forgiving love of Jesus was the angel to bring him back to his faith and confidence.

God is dealing in the same way with men and women now. The Spirit of God convicts men and women of sin, but when they repent of their sins and turn humbly to God, seeking forgiveness in

Jesus' name, angelic love receives them and welcomes them home.

It may be that there are some here who know the sting of God's hornets. Your sins have made you trouble. They have taken away your peace of mind. Your heart is restless and unsatisfied. That is not because God does not love you. It is because he loves you too much to let you be satisfied while you are not doing right. It is a blessed hornet which stings a man when he is going on the wrong path. God save us from braving it out, and going on anyhow. There can be no folly greater than that. But if you will yield to God's warning which comes to you in the sting of pain and sorrow and restlessness and remorse for wrong-doing, and will turn with all your heart in repentance to him, the angels will be at hand, for they are never far away from the hornets. And if you will thus repent and come to Christ, you will thank God as long as you live for any trouble or sorrow or seeming misfortune that was the cause of your being driven to the mercy-seat where you found your Savior.

THE INVITATIONS OF MERCY

"And Moses said unto Hobab, the son of Raguel the Midianite, Moses' father-in-law, We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."—*Num.* x. 29.

It was a great morning in the camp of Israel. For eleven months they had been camped at the foot of Mount Sinai, and now they are to march onward toward the promised land. Everybody was awake and alert that morning. The children danced with glee, the young people were full of hope, and even the old felt a new kindling of enthusiasm as they began the march and turned their faces toward the goal.

During their sojourn in camp Hobab the Midianite, the father-in-law of Moses, had been stopping with them. And now, as Moses was about to march on, the leader of his people, he longs to take with him this man whom he loves and admires. He desires him for two reasons: First, because he loves him, and he wishes for him the very best things. He says: "Come with us, and we will do

thee good." Moses is sure of God and is certain that God will give them the promised land, and in his big-hearted way would like to take with him there every man whom he can persuade to go along. His second reason for desiring Hobab to go with them was because he was a man who knew the country well. He had hunted his cattle over all that region; he knew where the springs were; where the streams of water ran; where was the best grazing land; where the brigands and robbers hid in the defiles of the hills. The land was an open book to Hobab, and, as Moses said, he would be "eyes" to them and could render them great service. But, after all, the supreme reason with Moses was what he urged first, that they were going under God's direction to a land of promise and he could assure Hobab that if he went with them he should receive good.

Joseph Parker brings out in a striking way the suggestion that it is a glorious thing to be living such a life that you can honestly invite another man to come with you. It is a good question to put to ourselves to-night: Can we honestly invite men to join us in our life-march? Can we honestly, with the full consent of judgment, conscience, and experience, invite men to join us in the way which we have determined to take? If not, do not let us add the murder of souls to our other

sins. Do not let us, merely for the sake of companionship, involve in ruin innocent men. What is our life march? To what place are we journeying? Who laid its foundation? Who lighted its lamps? Who spread its feast? Alas, are not many men wandering without a destination? Are not many going with no map of life, no definite end in view? Moses knew where his people were marching; they were all set in one direction. The divine flame was seen through the cloud, and with eyes fixed upon the shining point away went the standards, the confidence of the leaders being in God and the hope of the people resting in the wisdom of the Most High.

Dear friends, are you on a march like that? Are you marching with such steady feet, with such earnest faith, with such assurance of the presence of God, that you can turn to your friend by your side and say: "Come with us, and we will do thee good?" With what assurance Paul could give an invitation like that. He could say when in the midst of the hardest part of his pilgrimage: "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Can you invite them to go with you with a buoyant courage like that?

One thing is sure, we need never have any hesitation about giving the invitation of our text to any one whom we invite to Christ. No one ever yet went to Jesus humbly and sincerely without being made better by it. He always does people good if they are willing to receive good at his hands. When he was here on earth lepers came to him and were cleansed; blind men were brought to him, and they went away seeing; deaf and dumb people were brought to him, to go away with their voice and their hearing; people were carried to him on their sick beds and were healed. But all these deeds of kindness were only incidental to the great work of his ministry, which was to do men and women good in the inner life. He brought good to men's souls. He liberated them from the bondage of wicked passions and unholy desires. He revealed to them the loathsomeness of sin. He made them abhor their sins, and he opened to them the treasure-house of his love, giving them pardon, renewing a right spirit within them, until men and women who had been shamefully wicked became pure and noble and heroic in their characters and lives.

But we need not go back to seek for such work on the part of Jesus Christ. Wherever men and women are brought to Jesus in humility and sin-

cerity, to this day, he does them good and only good.

In the prison chapel at Sing Sing, one Sunday morning, a young thief, who was there on a fifteen years' sentence, sat listening to the preaching of "Awful Gardner," a noted ex-prize-fighter, an all-around ruffian, whom this thief had known prior to going to prison. Gardner had been converted in a most wonderful manner and was now spending his life telling the story of Jesus to all whom he could get to listen to him.

The thief looked up as he heard Gardner's voice, and as Gardner went on, with tears streaming down his face, telling of the love of Jesus, he was convicted of sin and said: "That man is honest."

Gardner told them that if he had his deserts he would then be out among them wearing the "stripes." He quoted some passage of Scripture that impressed itself upon the thief, and when they were dismissed and he had gone back to his cell he looked in the ventilator and found a Bible. Dusting it off, he tried to read, but with some difficulty. He had never had a Bible in his hands before, and he looked aimlessly to find the passage that Gardner had quoted. He did not find that particular verse, but he found in that precious Book that Jesus died for sinners, and the Holy Spirit showed him that he was a sinner.

As the long Sabbath wore away he got up and paced to and fro in the narrow limits of his cell, and finally got on his knees and began to pray. I do not know how long he prayed, but soon the light of heaven shone in his darkened cell and into his much darker heart, and the blessed Savior appeared and told him that his sins were forgiven.

He could never be made to believe that it was not the light of heaven that shone into his cell. He shouted and shouted: "I have found Jesus! I have found Jesus! Oh, bless the Lord, I've found Jesus!" The unusual sound attracted the keeper, and he threw the rays of his dark lantern on the poor thief as he was praising God in his lonely cell. In rough tones he shouted: "What's the matter with you?"

"I have found Jesus!" he replied.

"I'll put you in the 'cooler' in the morning," the keeper said, and put down his number. Jerry McAuley, for that was the thief's name, afterward said: "The Lord made him forget it, for I was never put in the cooler for it."

Not only did Jerry McAuley find great good in Jesus Christ, but through him good has come to hundreds and thousands of broken-hearted and discouraged sinners.

Christ means good to you. If you will come to him you will find that you will have great good in

him. Some are staying away from him because they want to enjoy the pleasures of the world, and they are afraid of what they would have to give up if they came to Jesus. It is impossible for Christ to ask you to give up anything that is not harmful to you, and it is equally impossible for the all-wise and loving Savior to ask you to do anything that is not for your best good. It is pitiful to see any one hiding away from Jesus Christ, who alone has infinite riches of joy and peace in his hands for us. Dr. Arnot, the great preacher and hymn writer, says that he was once visiting among his poor sick people in his parish in Edinburgh. Before going up into a certain house he stood back in the street to see whether Betty Gordon, an aged woman, were at home or not. He knew that she was at home by this sign: that her little flower-pots were out upon her window-sill and the blind was up. He knew Betty was in, for when she went away she carefully took in the flower-pots and pulled down the blinds.

Dr. Arnot knew that she was poor and needy, but he was happy at heart because somebody had given him money that morning to give to the poor, and he had calculated what Betty's rent would amount to for a month, and he had it in his pocket to give to her. He climbed up the winding stone stairs, and, panting, at last reached Betty's door.

He knocked. At first he knocked softly, but there was no answer. Then he pulled the bell, and tho it rang loudly there was no answer. Then he knocked louder, but there was no answer. At last he said: "Betty forgot to pull down the blinds and she has gone out leaving her flower-pots there. What a pity!" Then he went down the stairs.

The next morning he went back, because he knew that Betty needed help, and knocked at the door. After a little waiting Betty came and opened it.

"Oh," she said, "is it you, Mr. Arnot? I am so glad to see you! Come in!"

He went in and sat down. After some conversation he offered prayer, and the sweet face of Betty Gordon, framed with her white hair, looked at him like the face of an angel. But there were tears in her eyes and a little look of care there that he had not seen before.

The kind preacher said: "Betty, woman, what are you crying for?"

She was crying in good earnest by that time.

"Oh," she said, "Mr. Arnot, I am so afraid, I am so afraid of the landlord. He will come, perhaps, to-day. He came yesterday, and I had no rent, and I dinna open the door; and now I am afraid of his coming, for he is a hard man."

"Betty, what time did he come yesterday?"

"He came between eleven and twelve o'clock,"

she said. "I remember, because I looked at the clock, and it was twenty-five minutes to twelve."

"Well," said Dr. Arnot, "it was not the landlord; it was I, and I brought to you, Betty, this money to pay your rent; take it and be thankful."

She looked at him and said: "Oh, was it you? Did you bring me that money to pay my rent, and I kept the door shut against you, and I would not let you in? And I heard you knocking, and I heard you ringing, and I said: 'That is the landlord; I wish he would go away.' And it was my ain meenister. It was my ain Lord who had sent ye as his messenger, and I wouldna let ye in."

Are not some of you treating Jesus Christ like that to-night? He is your own loving Lord and Savior, coming with his hands full of good gifts for your soul, and you leave him standing outside the door of your heart. You hear him knocking and knocking, but you treat him like some hard landlord who wishes to oppress you, and know not that it is the Son of God with salvation for you. Open the door of your heart and let Jesus come in!

THE HEALING SERPENT

"And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived."—*Num.* xxi. 9.

AMONG all the sad experiences that came to this wandering people in the wilderness, none were more terrible than the afflictions connected with the event suggested by this text. They had come into a country full of poisonous serpents. They lurked in the sand and behind shrubs and in the crevices of the rocks, watching everywhere with malignity, and their bite was fatal. There was soon a panic among the people. Many were dying. The terrible experience brought the people to their senses. They had been sullen and rebellious and had been speaking against God, but now in their great trouble the memory of God's mercies came back to them, and the fearful time through which they were passing appeared as a just punishment for their sins. They came to Moses and said: "We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us."

So Moses prayed for the people, and the Lord heard and answered his prayer. God told Moses to make a fiery serpent; of the same color, I suppose, as the serpents that were working such havoc among the people. Moses was to set this serpent upon a pole where it could be easily seen, and God promised that every one that was bitten, when he looked upon that serpent, should live. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and set it up upon a pole, and it was a perfect cure. No man who had been bitten who looked upon that serpent but was healed.

This story is of peculiar interest to us because Jesus Christ, at the very threshold of his ministry, seized upon this brazen serpent as a type of himself and his work as the Savior of sinners. When Nicodemus came by night, seeking to know the truth concerning Jesus, Christ recalled this story and applied it to himself, saying: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." And wherever Jesus Christ has been held aloft before men, and men have looked on him in simplicity, whatever their follies or their sins, they have been marvelously healed.

The late John Fiske, in his history of "The Discovery of America," relates a remarkable his-

torical story of the work of Las Casas among the Indians of the Province of Tuzulutlan, just north of Guatemala and bordering upon the Peninsula of Yucatan. The Spaniards had had terrible times with these Indians. It was an inaccessible country of beetling crags, abysmal gorges, raging torrents, and almost impenetrable forests. The people worshiped idols and practised human sacrifices and were desperate fighters. The Spaniards had three times invaded this country, and three times had been hurled back in a dilapidated condition. Then it was that Las Casas, a priest who had been studying Jesus Christ with a simple heart until he had come to believe in the brotherhood of man and that the only way to win men to Christ was to tell them of Christ in his spirit, came upon the scene, preaching his gospel of peace as the proper way to deal with Indians.

The Spanish colonists and soldiers sneered at him and told him to go to Tuzulutlan and convert those Indians. Las Casas took them at their word, and on May 2, 1537, he signed an agreement in which the governor promised that if Las Casas and his helpers could bring the Indians of that land into conditions of peace, so that they would recognize the Spanish crown, he would not give that country over to any private Spaniard, and that no lay Spaniard, under heavy penalties, except the gov-

ernor himself in person, should be allowed for five years to enter the territory.

Thus guaranteed against interference, Las Casas wrote a little poem in the simplest language, telling the story of the fall of man, the life and death of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, and the final judgment. It is a pity that these verses have not been preserved, but no doubt Las Casas, whose great heart knew so well how to touch the secret springs of the Indian mind, knew how to make the story as attractive and as moving as possible. The verses were nicely balanced in couplets, so as to aid the memory, and were set to music, so that they might be chanted to the accompaniment of Indian instruments. The missionaries took the native drums and timbrels, and themselves chanted their sacred couplets, and so they attracted the attention and aroused the interest of the Indians. But the thing above all else that commended them was that they were not like other Spaniards, for altho they were white men, they spent their lives in doing good, they treated all women with respect, and cared nothing for gold. The purity of the lives of Las Casas and his brethren was in harmony with the beautiful story they told of the life and death of Jesus.

After the Indians became enamored of Christ and the wonderful story they told, they began to

talk to them about it being time to abolish human sacrifices, and in six months from the beginning of the enterprise the cacique and several clan chiefs had been converted, a rude church had been built, and human sacrifices were prohibited by a vote of the tribal council. They acknowledged the Spanish Crown and the peaceful victory was won. How different the story of the world would have been in the last hundred years if all treatment of Indians and heathen peoples in America and Africa had been of that sort! Jesus Christ lifted up before mankind will heal them and draw them unto himself until they shall become like him.

Christ is the healing Savior for individuals and families as well as for tribes and nations.

An agent of the American Tract Society, who was traveling through the State of Arkansas a good many years ago as a colporteur, happened to be in a sparsely settled portion of the country where many of the people had a bad reputation. Among those on a certain road was a family that was very hard and wicked. One night, being belated, Mr. Wallace was compelled to spend the night with this family. He was not sure that they would take him in, but drove up in front of the house, when the father sang out, "Get out and come in," which he did, and was kindly cared for, but no opportunity was given him to speak for Jesus or to offer his

books. After supper they all went to bed, but for a long time Mr. Wallace could do nothing but pray that God would open the way for him to reach the hearts of that family. After breakfast the next morning he ventured to ask them to let him read and pray with them, but was coldly refused. When he went to the stable to get his horse and wagon he opened a box of books and offered the man a neat Bible, but he refused to take it. Wallace said: "Please allow me, then, to place it up here on this piece of timber over the stable door. I assure you it won't harm you or your beasts." The man replied, "All right," and Wallace did so, and, bidding him and his family adieu, drove away with a heavy heart.

Mr. Wallace was back over that route in about six months, and stopped at noon at their door, when to his surprise the whole family, headed by the father and mother, rushed out to meet him, saying: "Here is good Brother Wallace again!" He was ushered into the house and lovingly cared for. He was requested to ask a blessing, and after dinner they had a delightful experience meeting, at which the father said: "Do you remember that Bible you shoved over the stable door? Well, Brother Wallace, it haunted me. I could not pass in or out of that door without being compelled to turn and look up at that Book. One day I said to

myself: 'I will just take it down and look at it.' So I sat down on a box and began to read it—at first without being much interested. The next day I did the same, and for several days, when, finally, the truth flashed upon me, 'This is the Word of God and I am a vile sinner.' I rushed to the house and read the Book to my wife and children, and we are all among the saved ones, glory be to God!" In that Book they had found the uplifted Christ, and no matter how great the sin, whoever looks on Jesus with faith is made whole.

Is it not strange that men and women will try so many other things as a remedy for sin, when all they need is just to look to Jesus and be saved? No doubt it was the same way when the Israelites were dying from the bite of the serpents. Mark Guy Pearse says that no doubt they tried all their own remedies before they turned to the brazen serpent, and doubtless there were none so busy as the snake-charmers. Among them would be some who knew the secrets of the Egyptian snake-charmers, and these people would have all sorts of remedies. There is the music that can charm the serpent and destroy the poison. There is the mystic sign set around the place that makes it sacred. There are mysterious amulets to be worn for safety: this on the neck, and this about the wrist. There is a ceremony that shall hold the serpent spell-

bound and powerless. But one day the charmer himself is bitten, and in spite of all the spells and charms and the mystic signs all about him he writhes in horrible agony and dies in despair. So men have their charms and their ceremonies and all sorts of mystic signs by which they propose to cure the disease of sin, but none of these reach the awful poison. Sin is in the heart, and there is only one way to heal it, and that is by the way God has prepared. The brazen serpent was devised by God and was set up at his direction; whosoever looked upon it was healed, because the act of looking was an act of faith in God and brought the Divine power to heal. So God gave Jesus Christ to be our Savior, and whosoever looks shall live.

There is a most impressive little story which tells how Sternberg, the great German artist, was led to paint his "Messiah," which is his masterpiece. One day the artist met a little gypsy girl on the street, and was so impressed by her peculiar beauty that he requested her to accompany him to his studio in order that he might paint her. This she consented to do, and while sitting for the great artist she noticed a half-finished painting of Christ on the cross. The gypsy girl, who was ignorant and uneducated, asked Sternberg what it was, and wondered if Christ must not have been an awfully bad man to be nailed to a cross. Sternberg replied

that Christ was the best man that ever lived and that he died on the cross that others might live.

"Did he die for you?" asked the gypsy. This question so preyed upon the mind of Sternberg, who was not a Christian, that he was greatly disturbed by it. The more he pondered it, the more impressed he became that, tho Christ had died for him, he had not accepted the sacrifice. It was this that led him at last to paint the "Messiah," which became famous throughout the world. It is said that John Wesley got one of his greatest inspirations from this picture.

Let me bring the gypsy girl's question to you to-night, "Did Jesus die for you?" and you must answer it, "Yes, he died for me." But whether it will mean salvation depends entirely upon your acceptance of it. If an Israelite had been bitten by the serpent, and had been told of the brazen serpent which Moses under God's direction had prepared, and had known that others were looking and being healed, and he had failed to look himself, he would have died. Shall it be so with you? You know enough about Jesus Christ and about the simple way of salvation to be saved. If you will, you may look and live, to-night. What folly to wait! What folly to say, I will think more of it and put it by until some future occasion. To-day is the only day you have. To-morrow belongs to

the mysterious future over which we have no control, and not a single man or woman here can guarantee that another day will ever dawn on him or her in this world. To-day is the day of salvation; to-morrow may be the day of judgment. Look to Jesus now and be healed of your sins!

THE SINNER'S REFUGE.

"Then ye shall appoint you cities to be cities of refuge for you; that the slayer may flee thither, which killeth any person at unawares."—*Num.* xxxv. 11.

THE story of our text is brief. Under the direction of God six cities were to be erected which were to be known as the cities of refuge. If a man had killed another accidentally, without intent to murder, he could flee into one of these cities, and there he would be safe from the avenger until such a time as he could be brought before the proper authorities for careful and judicial investigation into the merits of the case. These cities were so distributed as to be easily accessible to the people, and the gates were to be always open. Once inside, the hunted man was safe. But if he strayed out again, and was overtaken by the avenger, he was as liable to be slain as at first. This is full of teaching for us and abounds in suggestions concerning the way of salvation.

Christ is our City of Refuge, and there is not one thing which can be pointed out as of advantage about the cities of refuge in the time of Moses that

is not more than fulfilled in Jesus, and the need is greater among us.

Only one avenger hunted the one who had shed blood. Some kinsman of the man who had been slain was the only enemy he had to fear. But how many enemies pursue the sinning soul! How many evil passions, how many insidious temptations, follow after every sinner to destroy him! I know that I speak to some this evening who have known the meaning of being pursued and hunted by evil temptations. You have felt like wringing your hands, sometimes, and crying out in your helplessness: "Oh, where shall I go? What shall I do that I may escape from these bloodhounds of evil that are after me?" No poor fawn was ever more brutally or ruthlessly followed by the hungry wolves than men and women are chased by evil temptations and wicked passions until they are hunted to their very death. But, thank God, Christ is a city of refuge that is always accessible! Day or night, in childhood or youth, manhood or old age, wherever you are, you may come at once to Christ and be saved.

The man-slayer was never safe by attempting to hide outside the city. Open, immediate flight until he entered the city gates was his only safety, and so I want to say to you this evening that you will never find peace and salvation by trying to

cover up your sins. God's Word especially declares that the man who covers his sins shall not prosper. It is the open confession of your sins and acceptance of Jesus Christ that will bring peace and safety to your soul.

A while ago a leading man in an American city, in a conversation with two well-known evangelists at a hotel where he was stopping, said: "Gentlemen, do you know, I have been teaching a large class of boys in the Sunday-school now for many years, and not one of those boys has yet given his heart to Christ. Can you account in any way for such a state of affairs?"

One of the men, a true-hearted, God-fearing man, replied: "Yes, I can tell you what the trouble is. Your life is not right."

With that, the man who had made the inquiry said: "Come with me, gentlemen, up to my room. I have something to tell you."

Following him, they were led to his room, and the door having been closed, he began to tell them his story.

"Gentlemen," he went on, "I have been associated for years with a banking firm in my city. One night upon closing up my accounts for the day, to my great surprise I discovered that the books would not balance, there being a deficit of some two hundred dollars. The following day,

however, the two hundred dollars was forthcoming; but, thought I, no one will ever be the wiser, and no one is ever suspected in this office, and I'll keep the amount; and I did.

"Time passed on, and years have elapsed, and interest has added to interest, and to my knowledge no one has ever suspected me of the theft."

"Take it back to the firm," suggested one of the preachers, "and confess your sin."

"But that would mean forfeiting my position, and that position is worth to me twenty thousand dollars a year."

"Let's kneel down and ask God's guidance," said one of the two listeners, to which the clerk readily consented. As they arose from their knees the business man said: "I'll go and confess, tho it kills me."

Accordingly he went, and upon approaching the president of the bank, whose confidence in his employees had never been betrayed, he told him the whole story, not omitting the slightest detail. The president listened to the story with deep sympathy, and being himself a devout Christian, invited him to kneel with him in prayer. Upon rising again to their feet, the dear old man assured him that all was forgiven him, and sent him away with a "God bless you!"

The Sunday following this incident the banker took his place as was his custom before his class of boys, now young men. To them he revealed the secret which he had concealed so long. "Boys," said he, "my life has not been right, and never before could I consistently invite you to come to the Savior; but now all is forgiven, and I stand before you a changed man, and I entreat you to come to my Savior."

A hush fell upon the entire class, while tears trickled down their faces, and, best of all, every one of that large class of boys surrendered, then and there, to Jesus Christ.

This plain and simple illustration of God's plan of salvation makes many of the excuses which people use for not being Christians look very foolish indeed. How often people say: "I am not good enough to be a Christian." How foolish it would have seemed if a man whom the avenger was pursuing had stopped in sight of the gate of the city of refuge and made difficulties about going inside because he was not good enough! His friend would have said to him: "But, man, you are not good enough to stay out. If you stay outside you will certainly be overtaken by the avenger. It is not your goodness that will save you when you are inside, but the strength of the walls of the city and the protection of God's law." So how foolish it is

for you to say now that you are not good enough to begin the Christian life. You are not good enough to stay away from Christ, for if you do your sins which have already brought you under condemnation of God's law will certainly prove your ruin.

I can imagine a man, thus halting and debating with himself whether to go inside the gate of the city or not, with the certain danger coming nearer all the time, catching a glimpse of some one inside the city who seems to be at rest and entirely free from fear. It happens to be a man he knows, and he remembers the case, and how he was pursued by the avenger of blood and came near being overtaken. He saw him as he ran along the road, and he has never been able to forget the terror that was in the man's face. But now he looks happy and peaceful, and, yes—it certainly is a song he is singing. That decides him, and he hastens on into the city of refuge.

In a New England village there was a doctor, a moral kind of a man, but not a Christian (and he knew it), who was debating with himself about entering the City of Refuge. In that same town there was a simple-hearted fellow who was known to all as "Jimmy." He earned his living by sawing wood and doing such odd jobs as came to him. Jimmy was not very smart, but he was a Christian

to the best of his knowledge and ability, and everybody had faith in him.

One day the doctor started out on his round of calls. As he was driving along he overtook Jimmy, who, with saw in hand and sawbuck over his shoulder, was going to his day's work. Jimmy was singing a familiar hymn and was evidently at peace with God and man. The doctor drew rein, and speaking to him, said: "What makes you so happy to-day, Jimmy?"

Instantly came the answer: "Oh, doctor, it is the grace of God in my heart!" And on he went smiling and singing.

The doctor was tremendously impressed by the ready and simple reply. It was the arrow that pierced between the joints of the harness, and as he rode along he said within himself: "If the Christian religion can make a poor simple man like that happy, then there must be something in it worth having, and I'll have it also."

After his return home that day the doctor, now thoroughly awakened, shut himself in his office, and under deep emotion fell on his knees and sought Christ as his city of refuge. Christ is always accessible, and no man who comes in wholehearted simplicity ever needs to wait for the gates to open. So a little while later the doctor came out from his office radiantly happy in the con-

sciousness that his sins were forgiven and that the blood of Jesus Christ had become the walls of his city of refuge.

I am sure there are some of you who hear me this evening who are not yet aware how great is your danger of being finally lost. You have gone away from God so gradually, and the possibility of becoming a Christian has always seemed so near at hand, that you have presumed on it; while as a matter of fact your heart has been getting a little harder and the probability of your becoming a Christian has lessened with every day of your life.

A company of sportsmen were eating their lunch up in the Scotch Highlands, when one of them spied, on the face of a great precipice opposite, a sheep on a narrow ledge of rock. He pointed it out to the rest, and one of the attendants explained that the sheep had been tempted by the sight of green grass to jump down to some ledge a foot or two from the top of the cliff. Soon, having eaten all the grass there, and unable to get back, there was nothing for it to do but to scramble down to some lower ledge; there, in turn, it would finish what might be, and have to jump to some ledge yet lower. "Now it has got to the last," said he, looking through the field-glass and seeing that below there went the steep cliff, without a break, for two or three hundred feet.

"What will happen to it now?" asked the others, eagerly.

"Oh, now it will be lost. The eagles will see it and will swoop down on it, and, maddened with hunger and fright, it will leap over the cliff and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below."

Is it not just like that that a soul goes astray? A man is tempted to partake of the pleasures that are on the ledge just a little lower than the high table-land of that clean, wholesome family life where he has lived. Do not some of you know what that means? It is only a little way, you think, and so you step down, where there is a show of pleasure, attractive as the show of green grass was to the sheep, and you have your good time, as the sheep ate the grass. You expected to go right back, but it is easier to go on down to the next ledge than it is to get back, and so down you go, and so, step by step, from ledge to ledge. One year, or two years, or five years pass away, and your heart is harder and your soul more indifferent than you ever dreamed could be possible for you. It may be that some one here to-night has got down to the last ledge and is peering over into the darkness of the gulf beneath. It may be that the cruel screams of human birds of prey or the unseen but none the less real inner temptations to evil are causing you to shrink and shiver with the horror

of threatened ruin. But even for you, tho you be on the last ledge above the precipice, I have hope to-night. The Good Shepherd is your city of refuge. Leaving the ninety and nine safe in the fold, he has come out over the bleak mountains seeking after you. Down over the ledges, where you have torn and mangled your feet, the Shepherd comes; even now he is calling to you, softly and tenderly, and if you will but yield to him, he will take you up in his arms and put you on his shoulder and carry you home rejoicing. O sinning soul, come through the open gates to the mercy-seat inside the city of refuge! Let your heart break there in sorrow for your sins, and God will give you healing and you shall find rest for your soul.

TASTING THE FRUIT, YET LOSING THE LAND

"And they took of the fruit of the land in their hands, and brought it down unto us, and brought us word again, and said, It is a good land which the Lord our God doth give us. Notwithstanding ye would not go up, but rebelled against the commandment of the Lord your God."—*Deut.* i. 25, 26.

In this address to his people Moses is calling their attention to the fact that soon after coming out of Egypt they had been at the very gate of the promised land, and he reminds them of the spies that had been sent to search out the country, and how they had come back loaded down with the grapes and pomegranates and rich fruits of the fertile valley of Eshcol. They had found grapes so luxuriant that it required two men to carry a single cluster. They had all agreed that the country was rich and beautiful and very desirable. The people had partaken of the fruits and found them sweet to the taste. But along with the story of the abundance of the land the spies had brought back the report concerning walled cities and giants, of whom they had been afraid, and all but two of them had reported against entering the promised land

because of the size of the giants and the strength of the walls of the cities.

And so, notwithstanding the earnest appeals of Joshua and Caleb and Moses, the people had rebelled against God, and from the very doorway of the promised land, with the valley of Eshcol and its vineyards and gardens of pomegranates in sight, they had turned back into the wilderness and to all those sad and terrible experiences of wandering which cost the life of every man among those who had refused to trust God and go forward. Forty years they wandered after they had seen the fruit of the land and knew how rich and abundant it was.

I have recalled this story that it might call your attention to the fact that it is not enough to know about the joy and blessedness of Christian experience. It is not enough to even taste of the first ripe grapes of righteousness. We must enter the promised land through faith in Jesus Christ, through God's help and strength overthrow the giants of sin, and possess the land. The Israelites were at the very door of the land, and yet they went away to forty years of sorrow and sin, and all who led that revolt died outside.

Once on the coast of England a ship was wrecked. It was a gold ship from California, and there was an immense amount of the precious

metal on board. The owners took out divers and sent them down to search after the treasure. For a long time their efforts were all in vain, but at last a diver more daring than the rest came up one day, and as soon as he could get his breath he cried: "I have touched the gold! I have touched the gold!" All that would have done no good, however, if they had stopped there; but having touched the gold, and found out where it was, they persevered until bag after bag of the yellow treasure had been rescued from the depths of the sea. Some of you no doubt have "touched the gold." You have been brought up in a Christian home, you have had Christian friends, and it may be that on many occasions you have come very near to the kingdom of God. You have, as it were, laid your hands on the gold of the Christian life; but you have appropriated none of it, and you are still spiritually bankrupt, tho if you had lived up to your opportunities you might have been rich with the wealth of heaven.

Dr. W. L. Watkinson, the eloquent English preacher, in one of his sermons lays great emphasis on the importance of the last step. He calls attention to the fact that we often hear people say that the most important step that a man ever takes in life is the first step. But Watkinson says that this is a mistake, and that, instead, the most im-

portant step that a man ever takes is the last step; and it is surely true, as he says, that you may come a long way to the great Christian blessing, but if you do not take the last step it is all a failure. Amiel said: "That which is not finished is nothing." You may make a ladder long, but if you do not make it long enough it is nothing. You may sharpen a tool, but if you do not make it sharp enough it is nothing. "That which is not finished is nothing," and if it is true anywhere it is emphatically true in the question of your salvation. If you come near to the kingdom of heaven and do not enter it, it is just as bad as if you never saw it. As the Israelites wandered back into the wilderness to their death, of how little value to them were the grapes of Eshcol and the memory of the pomegranates! So you may stand at the very door of heaven, and yet if you do not get in it is all in vain.

Some of you who hear me this evening have been thinking much on this question of your personal salvation. I pray God to help me as I urge upon you the importance of the last step, which takes you definitely out of the world which forgets God and brings you inside the promised land with those who confess the Lord Jesus Christ. It is not enough to be "almost a Christian." The scientists have written about the creature that they call "the almost man." There was a creature once, they say

—nobody ever saw it, but it is a necessity of thought—which was the almost man. He was an animal that climbed right up to the point of rationality, but did not take the last step. He was like the monkey which an Irish priest, who had become so engrossed in the subject of evolution that it was always in his mind, saw in the "Zoo." This scholarly student of the development of man was so lost in admiration of a particularly intelligent looking simian that he exclaimed excitedly: "Jist spake one wurrd, an' I'll baptize ye!" But, alas, he could not speak that word. And what a gulf there is between the almost man and a man like Shakespeare or Gladstone or Lincoln, or any rational, moral, spiritual being! Almost man, and yet he had no language; almost, but he had no conscience; almost, but he had no conception of the spiritual universe. Almost man! it seems a pity that he did not climb that last bit; but he did not climb, so he is only a monkey. So you may be almost a Christian, and yet miss the pardon for your sins; almost, and yet be under the condemnation of God's broken law; almost, and yet never think of God, or of Jesus Christ, or the judgment day, or heaven, without a feeling of sorrow and condemnation; almost a Christian, and yet without God and without hope in the world!

They tell us that down in the diamond fields of

South Africa they often find a substance that is part charcoal and part diamond. It was intended originally to be a diamond, but it stopped on the way, and being partly a jewel and partly a cinder it is no good at all, and so it is thrown out with the slag. Think of the difference—one a jewel shining in a king's crown and the other a useless cinder on the waste heap! My friend, God intended you for one of his precious jewels, and he has started you on the way. He has given Christ to be your Savior. He has sent you his Word full of instruction and invitation. The Divine Spirit moves upon your conscience and your heart. If you will yield to his invitations, you may enter into the promised land, into such fellowship that you shall, by God's grace, come to be a fit jewel to shine in the crown of your Lord. What will you be—diamond or slag?

You remember that young man who came to Jesus and wanted to know what great thing he should do in order to inherit eternal life, and Christ put the commandments to him, one after another. The man said that from his youth up he had been keeping the commandments. He was a nice young man, and Jesus loved him, but he said: "One thing thou lackest." The lack was that he would rather do the great thing and the proud thing than just to give up his whole heart and life

to Jesus Christ and follow him. He only lacked one thing, but it made all the difference between peace and condemnation; only one thing, but he went away with a cloud on his brow, and we do not read that he ever came to Christ.

If we turn away from God when we are almost persuaded to do right and enter the promised land, we have no promise that we shall ever get back again, and no one can foretell how sad our doom may be. Those spies who went into the country to search it out with Caleb and Joshua enjoyed the fruit of the land as much as did they; but they let their fear of the giants overcome their faith in God, and tho Caleb and Joshua, who were willing to enter the land, came back at last to enjoy it, every one of the others died in the wilderness.

When Leonardo da Vinci was painting his "Last Supper," he saw in the choir of the Cathedral at Milan a young man whose face was so beautiful that he persuaded him to sit as a model for the divine Savior. Ten years passed away, and the artist was searching for a model for Judas, and at last went to the prisons in Rome, and there found the model he desired; and it was not until after his celebrated picture was finished, and thousands had seen the striking contrast between the face of the Lord and the face of the traitor, that the almost angelic singer of Milan was discovered to be also the

prisoner of Rome. He had stood at the very gate of the promised land of a noble and holy life, but even after tasting the fruit he had turned away, and in ten years of sin and dissipation had so changed the expression of his features as to make it like that of a demon. The face had only been the dial-plate of the soul, and the change in the outward appearance was only an outward sign of the change of the heart and inner life.

Some of you stand at the gate of a Christian experience to-night. You have only to yield to Christ and you shall enter in. I appeal to you to appropriate the riches of the Gospel to yourself at this time. Make the promised land your own. Confess Jesus Christ to-night and give yourself to him, and he will give himself to you, and you will have the right to think of him and talk of him as your personal Savior.

A little boy was very sick. His minister came to see him, and before parting gave the child a verse of five words as a motto, a word for each finger of one hand. The sick boy counted over the words on his pale fingers. Yes; there they were, five only, and one for each knuckle. *The—Lord—is—my—Shepherd.* "And *my* is the best of the five," he said. A few days later another visit was paid to that same home. At the door the sorrowing mother met the minister. "It is all over,"

she said; "my little son is dead. But come and see him." And she led the way to the darkened room. Very thin and white was the little face, very sweet and peaceful was the countenance of the little sleeper. Then the mother drew down the coverlet, and, turning to the minister, said: "That's the best." The little hands were crossed, and on the fourth knuckle of the left hand rested still a finger of the other hand. In silence the life had fled with the hands clasped to utter, "The Lord is *my* Shepherd." O my friends, I want you this evening to enter into that personal possession of Jesus Christ as your Shepherd!

THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE

"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee."—*Deut.* xxxii. 7.

THIS is a part of the song of Moses. We are told in the preceding chapter that God revealed to Moses that he was nearing the end of his earthly career, and that he desired him before going away from his people, on the last journey, to write a song for them, in which he should call attention to the great and mighty deeds of deliverance which he had wrought for the children of Israel; should remind them of their follies and the pitfalls into which their sins had led them; and impress upon their minds that their only hope and strength was in the infinite mercy of God.

Moses hearkened to the Lord and immediately obeyed, for we are told that "Moses therefore wrote this song the same day, and taught it to the children of Israel." So Moses came to the end of his life with songs on his lips. It is possible for every man to become more musical in all the great notes of thanksgiving and confidence and faith and love

as he draws near to the end of life. Joseph Parker says that God means every life to end in a song. There are songs without words; there is singing without articulate and audible voice; we may sing with the spirit and with the understanding. Blessed are they who, before going up to Nebo to die, sing in the valley, and pass out of sight with their singing robes around them. To this end we are invited to Christ. Christ gave songs in the night to Paul and Silas, and he gave blessed songs to Paul when the day came for him to go up to his Nebo.

But I wish especially to confine our thought this morning to the theme conveyed in our text. Moses desired to bring back to the remembrance of his people the days of old, when God had led them with a high hand out of Egypt, had opened a path for them through the Red Sea, had sweetened the bitter waters of Marah, had led them by Elim with its seventy palms and its twelve wells of water, had fed them with manna from heaven in the desert, had written with his own fingers on tables of stone the law of their lives, and so, through all the years, had been their God and their Savior. Even when the fiery serpents had come upon them as a punishment for their sins, God had directed Moses to prepare the brazen serpent, and every one who had looked upon it had lived.

This story of God's love and mercy to the people, as every father related it to his child, would differ by the introduction of personal reminiscences.

When I was a boy on the Pacific Coast, I used never to tire of hearing the tales told of the journey across the plains by the early settlers who came to that new land long before the railroads were built. What kept up the constant interest was that, tho the great facts of the story were the same and very familiar to me through oft hearing, every man who told it brought something new; it was the story of himself which he brought into it; his experience with days of thirst, with struggle, with hardship, and fear of battle with Indians, and all the innumerable possibilities of adventure in that long journey across the plains and the desert and the mountains. And so we may well imagine that when a Hebrew father told his children about the flight out of Egypt, concerning the destruction of Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea, or about the fight with Amalek when Aaron and Hur held up the arms of Moses through the long afternoon, he would tell a story which would have peculiar interest because of his own particular part in the great story he was relating.

Now Moses, who wrote this song under the direction of God, believed that it was a great source of blessing for the people to keep in mind the mer-

cies of God to them, and not to forget the troubles that had come upon them through sin, that they might be aroused to constant loyalty to the Lord. Not only so, but many of them were becoming indifferent and forgetful, and were becoming worldly, not only lax in their religious duties, but ready to enter into sinful alliances with the people about them, and Moses desired to recall to them the days of old that they might return unto God and enter again into spiritual communion with him ere his Spirit deserted them for ever.

I have chosen our theme this morning because it seems to me that if it was valuable for these people to recall the story of God's dealings with them as an impulse to goodness, it can not be less valuable to us. And I desire that at this time we may recall the "things of old" and bring up as clearly as possible to our minds the story of our relation to God since the time when we were children. I am sure that to some it is a glad subject, for there are those here who gave their hearts to God when they were young, and as you look back over your lives there is nothing for which you thank God so much as for that. Tho you could wish that you might have been more faithful, yet you feel that on the whole your heart has been true, and there have been many times when you have shared with your divine Lord in blessed service. Those times you

remember with the greatest joy of all. They were occasions of hard work, and sometimes the burdens were heavy, but, oh, what fellowship with Jesus! What sweet hours of communion together! And as you talked with Jesus, the burden grew light and the yoke easy, and you found rest unto your soul.

But there are others to whom this call will not bring gladness; and yet you were born in a Christian home and gave your hearts to Jesus, and for a time your testimony was bright and clear, and your heart was happy in the consciousness of the divine love. But the years have passed away, and you are here this morning with a heart that is cold and unresponsive. On communion day you no longer go to the altar to eat of that feast of commemoration of the shed blood and broken body of your Lord. You no longer count yourselves among those who are the disciples of Christ. Why is this so? You started out so bright and clear, and here you are without Christ and without hope of heaven. What has become of that Christian life that promised so much?

One summer I wanted water in a certain pasture on my farm up in the New Hampshire mountains, and I was talking about the probability of finding it by digging a well, when an old neighbor, who had lived in the community for sixty years, said: "You

don't need to dig any well in that pasture, for you have one of the finest springs there I ever saw."

"I think you must be mistaken," I replied, "for I have searched pretty thoroughly, and can find no trace of water anywhere."

"I am sure I am not mistaken," said the old farmer, sturdily. "I used to mow that pasture when it was a meadow, many years ago, and if you will go over there below that tall spruce tree, within forty feet of it you will find a beautiful spring. I have had a drink out of it many and many a time when I mowed around it."

I felt sure that the old man was honest in his memory that there was a spring there, and so we went again to make the search. This time, with the old man's story to guide us, we could trace where the spring had once been. There was still a little hollow there, and the skeleton of a trench that had carried away the water, but the spring itself had disappeared; it had all filled in as the years passed, and the soil had become solid above it, and the turf was as heavy over where the spring had once sent forth its sweet waters as it was anywhere else in the pasture.

As I looked on the dry and hard covering over the one-time spring, it occurred to me that this is what happens to some Christians. Christ awakened in their hearts the waters of the Fountain of

Life, but through lack of use of their spiritual abilities the fountain ceased to flow, and as they grew idle and indifferent to their religious duties worldliness came in upon them, as the turf encroached on the hillside spring, until its edges met above the water and the stream was smothered underneath the soil of earthliness and self-indulgence.

Is that buried spring an illustration of what has happened in your religious experience? Tho you once knew the love of God and could bear testimony to the glad experiences of forgiving mercy, are you here this morning a backslider from God? Then I call upon you that you remember the days of old; that you recall this morning how graciously Christ blessed you when you first came to him a poor sinner, and that in memory of the blessings you knew then you come back to the mercy-seat to-day and consecrate yourself anew to God and to his service.

Are there not others who have not yet entirely fallen away from the church of Christ who feel that it is not a joyous memory to recall the days of old? Are there not Christians who listen to this sermon whose Christian experience was more joyous and enthusiastic many years ago than it is to-day? You give many excuses for this. Some of you were brought up in the country town or village and

were born into the kingdom of God in the old church where you had known everybody since you were a baby. You entered into the service of God in the midst of those friendly associations, and for many years, it may be, you grew in grace and in the knowledge of the truth and in fellowship with Jesus Christ. You were full of service, and therefore full of the rewards of service; you lived an active and rejoicing Christian life. Then you came to the city, and you found yourself among strangers. You went to church and went out again without coming into touch with other followers of Jesus. You felt lonely and cold. After a while you got acquainted with a few, but you excused yourself from entering with whole-hearted earnestness into the services of the church because you were a stranger. The church no doubt was partly to blame, but all the time the church wanted Sunday-school teachers and loyal helpers in every department of Christian service. The longer you refrained the more your spiritual temperature cooled and your religious ardor subsided, until today, when you honestly recall the way you used to work and bear burdens for Christ's sake, and the happiness you got out of it, and then look at your empty hands now and at your empty heart, there is a sob in your throat at the thought of it. And it is enough to make one sob, for it is a terrible

thing to be growing older and getting nearer the end of life and not only not be advancing but really be losing ground in the divine life. I have always thought the saddest hymn in the hymn-book to be that one where William Cowper sings—and I imagine the tears must have flowed down his cheeks as he wrote—

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill."

Is that your condition to-day? You are not willing to give yourself over as a backslider. You still hold on to the church, and it would break your heart to think of giving it up; and yet you are only a ghost of your former self, you are only a shadow of what you used to be in the service of God. O man, woman, remember the days of old! Remember the old loyalty, the old heroism and self-sacrifice, the old devotion, the old time when you would rather win a soul to Christ than to win any temporal success. Recall those blessed days, the days of "auld lang syne," and let them melt your heart in tenderness at the foot of the cross, so

that you can go on with William Cowper in those happier concluding verses:

"Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

"So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

And you who have never come to Christ at all, shall you not recall the days of old?—the prayers of Christian parents, the appeals which have come to you again and again all along the way of life, when you have known in your heart of hearts that you were sinning against God by refusing to accept Jesus. Yet you have refused, and to-day you are here in the house of God, but you have no hope in God; you are here singing songs of praise to Jesus Christ as the divine Savior of the world, but you have not yet taken him as your Savior. Oh, think of the days of old! Think of the prayer your mother taught you as a little child. Think of

the innocent heart of your youth, when it was as natural to love Jesus as to love your father and mother. Recall it all, this morning, and then remember the infinite mercy of God which has spared you, notwithstanding your sins, and to-day is offering you forgiveness through Christ your Savior. Accept him here and now, and let us all, with one accord, in memory of God's goodness in the past, pledge him all our hearts and all our lives for the future!

THE EAGLE'S NEST

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him."—*Deut.* xxxii. 11, 12.

MOSES, like David, had lived much in the open air. Both men were shepherds in their early manhood, and naturally when they came to write the figures of the forest and the hills and the sky came back to them. The song of Moses in which this text is found is full of references to that forty years of shepherd life which he lived on the slopes of Mount Horeb. He speaks of the desert land, of the waste howling wilderness, of the high places of the earth, of sucking honey out of the rock and oil out of the flinty rock. Along with such references as these it is not remarkable that he should think of the eagle's nest. As he had followed his flocks along the slopes of Mount Horeb, he had many a time seen an old eagle bringing food to her young in her nest upon some lofty precipice, some inaccessible crag that jutted out from the mountain over his head, and he had, without doubt, wit-

nessed the very sight described in the text. It had lain dormant in his mind all these years, waiting for use, and now when he begins to write of God's dealings with his children it springs to his thought and he seizes upon it as an illustration of truth at once easy to be understood and hard to be forgotten.

The first suggestion I have from this theme is that man is made for high things. The eagle nests high; always on some lofty tree, usually on the mountain, but ever aloft. It is a bird of high mind and spirit; the eaglet born in such a nest is not intended for the marshes and the low ground; he is to fly in the face of the sun; he is to rejoice in the upper air. So you were not born, my friend, to live in the low marshes of sin and selfishness, but to rejoice in the upper air of faith and love and hope and truth. You are the child of God, and if you have become chained by evil habit and soiled by sin it is not because you belong there, any more than an eagle is native of the wire cage that holds him in confinement. You are still God's child, tho held captive by the evil one, and it is your duty and privilege through divine grace to break away from this unworthy bondage and from these unholy conditions and rise above them into the holier life to which you are born and for which you are intended.

Many a man is held back from giving himself to Christ with a whole-hearted devotion because he is conscious of so many evil temptations and sinful thoughts that he feels that the atmosphere of the Christian life is impossible to him. I can imagine an eagle, long in confinement, that is dirty and soiled and disconsolate, looking into the upper air and doubting if he would ever be able to fly there again, even if the door of his cage was open. But take him out into the sunshine, and make free his wings, and let him breathe for a few moments the breath of liberty, and you will see his eye catch fire, his wings expand, and hear his scream of triumph as he soars aloft toward his home in the blue sky. So I say to you, if you will obey the Lord Jesus Christ and turn from your sins with sincere repentance and faith, you shall fly aloft, in your thinking and your doing, into a holier atmosphere. As you pray to God, as you learn to sing songs of praise, as you seek to help and bless your fellow men in Christ's name, you will rise to a higher level and be safe from moral contamination and hurt. As another has said: Live on a low level, and there are many temptations; but every grade higher a man gets in thought, in emotion, sympathy, hope, he has left out certain temptations that were possible, sometimes habitual, to him before. Very many people know absolutely nothing

about a great many temptations that beset other men. You do not feel any temptation to pick your neighbor's pocket; pocket-picking is not in your line—never occurred to you. You do not feel any temptation to turn into a liquor-saloon at every street corner. There are a great many temptations that many of us never think about. We have got on another level, where they have gone out of sight, and when we rise up by God's grace into perfect communion and fellowship with Christ we reach a level where the temptations to sin can never affect us while we remain in that atmosphere.

A hunter tells a story of shooting at an eagle which was flying so high that tho the shot touched it, it had lost all its projectile force and did not seem to injure a feather. The eagle only disdainfully shook his wings and sailed proudly on. It is said that the sportsmen in Australia can very rarely bring down a cockatoo, for these birds alight on the top of the giant trees, and the shot affects them no more than would hailstones. I call you to remember that you are of the eagle's nest, and through the infinite love of God in Jesus Christ it is possible for you to fly aloft, out of the poor groveling world of selfishness and passion and sin, into the high and heavenly atmosphere where the bullets of the devil will lose their force, where

all the arrows of Satan will fall short of you, and where you shall rejoice in the joys of heavenly communion.

I wish also to lay emphasis on the truth that God has given you in Jesus Christ an example for your living. He has come into this world and shown us what a man ought to be and what with God's help a man can be. We have seen him fly in the blue air of righteousness, and God is seeking to encourage us to live in his spirit. Note again the illustration which Moses uses in which he states that the eagle fluttereth over the nest and spreadeth abroad her wings, showing the young eagle how to fly. A Scotch writer says that he once saw an interesting sight above a crag in the Scotch Highlands. Two parent eagles were teaching their young birds the art of flying. They began by rising from the top of a mountain, and at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them. They paused on their wings, waiting till the eaglets had made their first flight, when they took a second and larger circle, always rising toward the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight, so as to be gradually going upward all the while. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted, and they contined this sublime exercise, always rising, till they were lost to his sight. Is not that what the Lord Jesus Christ did

for us as our example? He came here and lived among us; he was born a little babe in Bethlehem, and in small circles as a child, and in Jerusalem with his parents, we see his upward flight until he enters on his ministry and becomes the minister of mercy, going about doing good. As the years pass he circles higher and higher in his noble sympathy and love and devotion to truth and God, until we see him die on the cross of Calvary. Then on Easter morning he breaks the bands of death, opens the gate to immortality, and after a few days of loving fellowship with his disciples to establish their faith he rises to the right hand of God. In these years Jesus taught us how to live.

One of the most wonderful conversions in recent times was that of Tissot, the great painter who died a few months ago. At the age of fifty the brilliant but worldly-minded artist was suddenly transformed into a devout and even ecstatic Christian, who, after the great change, consecrated the next ten years to the pictorial representation of the life of Jesus from the cradle to the grave. Tissot had a vision almost as remarkable as that which met St. Paul on the way to Damascus, and it transformed his whole life. He gave up his luxurious and pampered life in Paris and spent months and years in poor and mean surroundings that he might get near to Jesus.

After he had given himself to Christ he found it impossible to return to society pictures, and he determined to paint Christ himself as he thought he ought to be painted. The more he thought about it the more he felt that he must go to the Holy Land. Then came the supreme struggle. "How can I dare," he said to himself, "I, the painter of follies, to approach that holiest of subjects, the Redeemer?" Then follows a statement—and it is for this that I have called your attention to Tissot—which shows how contemplation of Jesus and service for him lifts the man up and glorifies him. Says the painter: "I cleansed my heart, I laved my soul with purity, I felt new strength and a firm resolve. When at last I set foot on the sacred soil, when I looked upon the scenes consecrated to Christendom for all time by the Presence, I often found tears in my eyes, my hands shook, I had to pause to recover my self-control."

One can not read that without recalling those wonderful words of St. John where he says: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: . . . It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; . . . and every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." See how true this was in the case of Tis-

sot. As the glorious hope of the Gospel took possession of him, he purified himself, and rose up out of all his follies and his sins into high and sweet communion with Christ.

One other thought I must not fail to press home upon your attention, and that is that all the providences of God toward you, whether they have brought you joy or sorrow, have been intended to help you on your flight toward heaven. No parent eagle is satisfied to have an eaglet remain always in the nest. There comes a time when it must learn to fly, and tho the parent bird has been kind and generous while the eaglet was weak and helpless, it will now become rude and fierce, if necessary, to enforce flight. It will seek by example and by fluttering over the nest to waken in the young bird an ambition to fly; but if that does not avail, it will make the nest uncomfortable; will tear it all to pieces and scatter it abroad, until there is nothing left but the rough and barren crag. Sometimes it will even push the young eagle off the crag, where it must fly or fall. So God deals with his children. God seeks to call us to repentance and to worship by loving-kindness. David said: "Thy gentleness hath made me great." Blessed are they who in childhood are influenced and drawn to God by gratitude, by his tenderness, and by love in return for love. But if we go on in

sin, and do not yield our hearts to God in return for his gracious mercies, if we will not rise from the earth, and still cling to the nest of our selfishness, caring only for worldly things, we may be sure that God will not give us over to everlasting selfishness without efforts to save us. It will not always be pleasant when the nest is stirred up. It may come in the death of a child. Many a father, many a mother, has followed on to heaven after the sweet babe that had gone thither, who would not lift the wings for upward flight until the nest was broken. It may be the loss of position or misfortune in business. Many a man has learned to think of God and Christ and heaven in his poverty who had only thoughts of the world while the nest was soft and comfortable. O man, God is seeking to save your soul! No doubt you could find the reason for a great deal of the trouble and sorrow that has come to you in the fact that God is stirring up your nest, and is making you think, and is giving you a chance to fly upward. Of course even Almighty God may fail to save you. We can imagine an eaglet being so foolish as to fold its wings and tumble over the precipice and be destroyed. And, alas, tho God stirs up the nest and speaks to them through every avenue of life, calling them to holy living, every little while we see men and women who harden their hearts against him and

will not yield, and who never rise in their thoughts and affections and confidence toward heaven. But how unwise!

I come to you again with the invitation, an invitation that calls you to everything high and noble. Accept Christ's invitation and it can mean only good to you. It will lead you upward and onward, ever into holier spiritual climate, until you shall breathe the air of immortality.

THE ROCK OF AGES

"Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."—*Deut.* xxxii. 31.

THE immediate reference of this text is to the marvelous contrast between the idols that were worshiped by the heathen tribes which surrounded the people of Israel at the time and the living God who had led them with a high hand out of Egypt. The rock was a favorite illustration with Moses. In his life in the desert he found rocks to be great storehouses. Many a time he had climbed up into some lofty rocky ledge to get the luscious combs of honey stored there by the wild bees. Of all the wild honey none was so sweet and clean and delicious as "the honey out of the rock."

It may be that Moses had at this time also in mind the day in Kadesh, when the people and the flocks were dying of thirst, and God commanded Moses to go up against a great rock, with the people gathered on the plain in front of it, and at the divine command Moses smote the rock, and a great spring of water burst out from it, and the people and their beasts slaked their thirst. So when Moses

spoke of God as a Rock it meant not only one upon whom they could rely, but one from whom came the water of life and the honey of consolation and comfort.

The Apostle Paul has transferred the idea into the New Testament, and used the same figure with reference to Jesus Christ our Savior. In his letter to the Corinthians, he says: "Our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; . . . and did all eat the same spiritual meat; and did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ."

So it is that I come to speak to you of our Rock of Ages. The thought of Christ as the Rock of Ages has been greatly multiplied and expanded by Toplady's wonderful hymn, perhaps the most popular hymn of praise to Christ ever written. Toplady was for some time curate in charge of a little church in Somersetshire, England. Near the town is a deep ravine and a frowning hill known as Black Down. Toplady was overtaken one day by a thunder-storm, and he sought refuge under a grand crag of mountain limestone eighty feet in height. Right down the center of this massive stone was a deep fissure, wherein grew, like little children playing in the arms of men in armor, soft and delicate ferns and wild flowers. As the

preacher-poet stood between these two massive piers of limestone rock, perfectly safe and quiet tho the storm raged all about him, his soul was inspired with the idea of his immortal hymn, and the "Rock of Ages" was written while he stood sheltered by the great rock.

Christ is our Rock of Ages because he bore the storm for us. He took the brunt of the storm which was due our sins, and we may have the blessings for which he paid the fearful price.

One summer's day, up in the mountains, my little boy came running to me, with eyes all aglow with wonder and excitement, and exclaimed: "Oh, father, see! There is the rainbow, and yet it has not rained!" I looked, and, sure enough, spanning the sky, above the Pinnacle, on the slopes of which stood our house, a rainbow was distinctly visible, and yet not a drop of water had fallen about us. It had rained somewhere else, and the sun, shining on their shower, had not only given the people there a rainbow, but had given us a share in their enjoyment, tho we had escaped the storm.

And so it was with Jesus Christ our Savior. We have a "rainbow round about the throne" that is full of all the colors of divine mercy and sacrificial love and that calls us to the mercy-seat, and it is there with all its promise of salvation because Jesus, our Savior, bore the storm on Calvary for

us. The storm beat on his head, but we rejoice in the rainbow.

Christ is our Rock of Ages in whom we may find comfort in all the experiences that can come to us on land or sea, throughout all our lives. A few years ago Bishop Foss was traveling by steamship from New York to Florida when the ship took fire. The weather was very cold, so cold, indeed, that for a time the hose would not work, the water freezing in the nozzles of the pipes. It seemed for a time that all would be lost, as the wind was blowing a great gale, but at last the fire was put out. When the captain came into the dining-room afterward, Bishop Foss congratulated him on the great peril they had escaped. The captain instantly said: "There is a higher Power; we owe our preservation to God." In describing the service held on shipboard that evening, the bishop says: "In the evening of the day of our great peril and deliverance we held a special thanksgiving service, at which it seemed to me every passenger must have been present. It fell to my lot to preside. We sang five or six hymns, including those beginning, 'Come, thou Almighty King,' 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,' and the captain's favorite, which I think begins with 'Jesus, Savior, pilot me.' Prayers were offered; the Scriptures were

very largely read, especially the Psalms, and it was wonderful to find how those words, written three thousand years ago, fitted the needs of that hour. Four brief addresses were made, the most touching and impressive of them all being that of the godly captain. I quoted and dwelt a little upon Isaiah's words, 'Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior.' I think all present would agree that it was the most impressive religious service they had ever attended. God had spoken by his mighty providence, and we were trying simply to listen again to his voice as he spoke again out of his most holy Word. The three ministers and two laymen who took part in the service represented five different denominations of Christians—Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, and Methodist.

"As I lay in my berth resting a few hours later, the sun was shining across the still raging sea, and the spray that crested every wave which dashed past my window flashed into a rainbow, which said to me like a voice, 'God is here, and God is love.'"

Dear friends, I want to appeal to you who have not yet become Christians, however indifferent you may have been to Christ. If the Rock of Ages can give comfort and consolation such as that in those trying hours that are likely to come to every one of us, it is what you need most of all and is above everything else worth having. He is just the Savior that you need.

A poor student of the University of Leipsic, Germany, having occasion to undertake a journey to some distant friends, was in want of the money needed for the purpose, and was compelled to go to a Jew pawnbroker to pawn his Hebrew Bible and Greek Testament. This Testament contained the Greek and German text in opposite columns. The Jew, little as he valued this book, was prevailed on to loan the student half a dollar on it. During the absence of the student he determined to read it through, with a view of confirming his enmity against Jesus. He concealed it from his family and commenced its perusal, which, as the young man was absent seven weeks, he had time to do. As he read, he was surprised and impressed, and at times was ready to exclaim: "Oh, that Jesus was my Savior!" When he had gone through the book, he was greatly perplexed and astonished that he had been able to find nothing to increase his hatred of Jesus, but had rather discovered much

that was sublime and heavenly. He now charged himself with folly, and resolved to open the book no more. He remained firm in his resolution for several days, but his heart longed for another glimpse at the beautiful personality he had seen in the New Testament, and he finally yielded to the desire to read it again, this time determined to be more careful in ascertaining that Jesus and his apostles had deserved the hatred of Jews in all ages. Still he was unable to find what he wished, while he was impressed with the consolation it imparted to the afflicted and the immortality of glory it revealed, which seemed to remove the anxiety he had long felt on these subjects.

When the student returned he begged him to sell him the book, and he began to read it the third time, and this time the history, the doctrines, and promises of Jesus broke down all opposition and melted his soul. He was overcome to tears and with all his heart embraced the doctrines of the Gospel. He found Jesus Christ to be the very Rock of Ages which he needed.

My dear friend, Christ is just what you need. He only can supply all your need. I doubt not that many of you admit this at once, and have a sort of consciousness that there is some virtue in the admission, while still you stay away from Christ and take no personal advantage of this great salva-

tion. The greatest thieves in the world are procrastination and neglect. They rob more men and women of heaven than anything else. Like that Roman governor, Felix, who was so terribly convicted of sin under the preaching of Paul, you intend to repent and become a Christian; but, like him, you are putting it off till some more convenient season.

A story which illustrates this temptation is told of the wild and dissipated youth who afterward became St. Augustine. Like many men, he seemed to have had two natures. On a certain occasion, when his nobler nature was in the ascendent, he fell on his knees, crying: "O Lord, make me holy!" But immediately his baser self wrestled for the mastery, and he added—"but not yet."

Is it that way with you to-night? I want to urge upon you that this idea of a more convenient time is a mere figment of the imagination, a device of Satan; it is like a dose of opium which stupefies your better nature; there never was and there never will be a more convenient opportunity to break away from your sins and come to Christ and find in him food for your soul, and water to slake all the thirst of life, and shelter for your head. To-day is the day of salvation. I entreat you to harden not your heart, but come now to the mercy-seat.

TRIALS MATCHED WITH STRENGTH

"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be."—*Deut.* xxxiii. 25.

No better promise is given to the man or the woman who trusts God. It reminds me of Paul's words to his friends whom he had won to Christ: "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." It is no barren feast to which we invite you when we ask you to become a Christian. It is to the happiest and noblest life that any man or woman can lead. I do not mean by that that the Christian is not often called upon to deny himself and to struggle for righteousness' sake. The noblest path is always the path of struggle and conquest. Jesus speaks very earnestly of the importance of counting up the cost, and entering on the Christian life with noble determination to overcome and win the eternal victory. And I call you to count up the cost and to decide that, come what will, for time and eternity, you will be the friends and disciples of Jesus Christ. Some one sings:

"Many a tower will stand unfinished,
Planned, begun, abandoned, lost.
For the thoughtless, foolish builder
Failed to count the cost.

"Many an army, proudly marshalled,
Marches into helpless wo.
For the boasting, reckless leader
Underrates his foe.

"Many a vessel, richly freighted,
Sinks beneath the whelming deep.
For the watcher in the lookout,
Heedless, falls asleep.

"Many a life goes out in darkness,
That might shine in endless day.
For the soul, bewitched by folly,
Barters it away."

But while I would have you count up the cost and come to the mercy-seat in this spirit of decision, I would not have you frightened away by any of the insidious and lying whispers of Satan. I want to impress upon you two or three reasons why, aside from your final salvation, it is infinitely important that you give your heart to Christ and begin the Christian life at the earliest possible moment.

In the first place, you should become a Christian at once for the reason that our entire life in this world is a life of probation. We are here on

trial; it is not our final career. We are getting ready for the immortal life, and it is the highest folly and the most terrible sin for us to be wasting the time which is so precious when used to develop in us a pure and holy manhood or womanhood.

One of the uniformed porters at the Grand Central Station in New York City approached a lady passenger who was loaded down with bundles and helped her to her train. He found a seat for her in the right car, placed her bundles all right for the trip, and lifted his cap in farewell. He had helped her so graciously, and the help had been such a comfort to her, that she expressed more than usual appreciation in her thanks. The young man doffed his cap and replied: "That's what I am here for, madam, all day long—just to see that people get aboard all right." Then he went back to the gate and promptly helped somebody else to another train; cheerful and pleasant, he carried babies, lifted heavy bags, reassured nervous people who were afraid the train would start without them, and made himself generally helpful hour by hour. He kept cheerful because he realized the truth that he was doing just what he was paid to do and fulfilling the purpose of his employment.

Now you are here in this world to be a good man or a good woman. You are not here to lay up money or to do any one of a hundred things that

people get so in earnest about. Incidentally you may do all of these things, but the supreme purpose of your life is under God's grace to build here a good manhood or a pure womanhood.

Passing through the little Morningside Park in New York City one day, I looked up to the heights above at the splendid site where the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is being builded. One arch had already been thrown up, and my attention was caught by the enormous amount of scaffolding necessary to the work. Great wire cables, nearly as thick as a man's wrist, and some of them two or three hundred feet in length, were required for use as stays, to hold the scaffolding and the derricks in place. As I looked, I reflected that the scaffolding was necessary because the building was not complete, but that after a while, when it was completed, all this scaffolding and these wire cables would come down and be hauled away, and the cathedral would stand out alone without their aid.

Building a man or a woman is like that. It takes a great deal of scaffolding. And the trouble is that we get to thinking that the scaffolding is more important than the building. But your life is all a failure unless all the scaffolding of money or place or social success or fame could be pulled down and thrown away, and still there be a man or a woman left to stand forth in honor in the bla-

zing light of the great white throne of judgment. The scaffolding is necessary, but the character building within is the great thing. It is the very purpose of your existence.

The thing I want to press home upon your soul is that you never can build up such a character as will be pleasing to God except through obedience to him. "To obey is better than sacrifice." God is your heavenly Father, and you must obey him as such or you never can come into that harmony of spirit with God which will develop in you the true personality. Not only so, but sin has left its trace upon your heart and upon your nature, and there is only one name under heaven given among men whereby we may have forgiveness of our sins, and that is the name of Jesus Christ. Sin is no surface defect. It lies at the root of the world's tragedies. Every jail and prison and reformatory on the face of the earth is needed because of sin. The sorrow that makes the world moan, the heaving sob of which, like a deep sighing of the sea, never ceases out of our ears, is caused by sin. Sin is deep in the heart, and it is only Jesus Christ who is daring enough to attack sin at the citadel. It was only Jesus Christ who was loving enough and rich enough to pay the awful price of our atonement and make it possible for us to escape our sins. As a great English preacher has well said:

"There are men who would have us believe that sin is but the necessary offspring of weakness and ignorance; that it is the unavoidable failure to reach ideal perfection, or that it is the fruit of the insurgent senses which will not be controlled. But God's Word teaches, and our observation and experience confirm, that sin is much more serious than that; that it is a taint, a corruption affecting our inner nature, warping, marring, darkening all the soul. The men who think lightly of sin point to education as a moral regenerator, destined to lead back reason to her lawful seat in the soul and to give her again the scepter of sovereignty. If sin were nothing more than the outbreak of the passions, we might have hope in such a scheme as this. But Paul voices the cry that comes from the experience of multitudes of men when he says: 'It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.' Such is the condition of things that no mere appeal to the will can bring about the needed change unless a man wills to obey God and accept the salvation which Jesus Christ has provided for him. Here, then, is our only hope. A man has sinned against God. The sins of the past, as well as the present, pursue him and rise up like ghosts about him whenever for a moment the curtain of his forgetfulness or his indifference is withdrawn and he sees himself as he really is. A man may

crush these things down for a time, and go his way in self-indulgence, and forget what manner of man he is. But again and again the Spirit of God will pull aside the curtain, and the sins of years ago will stand up beside the sins of yesterday, and point at him the accusing finger of condemnation. God's law says: 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' He has sinned, he is ever sinning, it seems as tho he must sin, death he can not escape. Amazed, hopeless, agonized, the cry breaks from his lips: 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' And there is silence, not a voice in the wide world is raised to give him answer of comfort, till there is heard that sweetest voice that ever fell upon a sinner's ears—the voice of the sinner's Savior: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

My dear friends, I want to press this upon your hearts, that the promise of our text holds good, that from the very hour, yes, the very moment, that any man or woman makes up his or her mind to be a Christian, and obeys God, and turns in repentance, taking the first step toward heaven, your strength shall be according to your trial. At the mercy-seat the Holy Spirit will meet you, and reveal to your inner gaze the cross of Jesus Christ and, hanging on it, the Lord of Glory who died

for your sins. Upon that cross you will see written in letters of blood, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed," and you will find that that propitiation for your sins is complete and that God will meet your great need with pardoning love.

I invite you to come to Christ to-night and let the divine Savior begin the great work of your salvation. I say *begin* advisedly. For while your sins may be forgiven in a moment, and will be the very moment you obey God with hearty purpose, yet through all the years to come the work of developing a glorious personality will be going on in you under the divine hand.

Dr. George Macdonald, the English writer, in one of his books makes one of his characters say: "I wonder why God made us. I am sure I don't know where was the use of making me." To this a wiser friend replied: "Perhaps not much yet; but then, he hasn't made you; he hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it."

And so I say to you, this world is a world of probation and trial, and God has not finished us when our sins are forgiven and he has started us on the way toward heaven. But the great promise

of our text is that we shall not have to go that way alone, depending on our own strength, but we shall be sheltered and protected by the Divine arm. And we have the direct promise that our strength shall be given us according as we need it. Do not let Satan frighten you with any bugbears. There is no possible combination of evil circumstances which can confront you and make it hard for you to lead a Christian life that God will not be able to manage and bring you off victorious. God's new mercies will be with you every morning, and the throne of God is staked for it that to the heart that obeys God and trusts him the strength shall be according to the day.

MOUNT PISGAH'S SUMMIT

"And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."—*Deut.* xxxiv. 1, 2, 3, 4.

"And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." —*Deut.* xxxiv. 7.

MOSES is the great mountaineer of the Bible. It was on Mount Horeb that for forty years he studied nature and gathered steadiness of character. It was on the slopes of that same great mountain that God appeared to him in the burning bush and revealed to him the splendid work of his life. It was on a mountain in Rephidim that Moses held aloft the rod of God, supported by Aaron and Hur, while Joshua led the hosts of Israel to victory

against the fierce warriors of Amalek. It was on Mount Sinai that God appeared unto Moses and communed with him for forty days and wrote with the Divine finger the law upon the tablets of stone. It was from that mountain and from such conversation with God that Moses came back to the valley with his face shining with reflected glory, so bright that the people could not look upon him, and he was compelled to veil his face that the people be not blinded with the splendor of his countenance. It was on Mount Hor that Moses spent one of the saddest days of his life. It was there that Aaron died and was buried and Eleazar, his son, took his place. Moses went up with them into the mountain alone, and stripped Aaron of his priestly garments and put them upon his son. They stayed with him until he died, and buried him on the lonely mountain top, and then went back to the people, who mourned Aaron for thirty days. And now how appropriate it is that Moses, who is getting ready for the last journey, should climb the mountain again and stand on Pisgah's summit for his last vision in the flesh.

Moses needed no help, old man that he was. He was a hundred and twenty years old, but his eye was not dim nor his natural strength abated, and he climbed the mountain with steady limbs, eager for the vision that should burst upon his view.

The special message that I bring home to our hearts at this time is in this picture of the strong, youthful, vigorous Moses who comes to the last day of life full of hope and courage and faith, full of enthusiasm and eagerness. The devil has no old people like that. Search the history of mankind, and men whose lives have been sinful and unbelieving and impure have never yet come to old age in that fashion. There are many sins which cut life short, and, as the Scripture says, "The wicked shall not live out half their days." All our observation proves the truth of that statement. Where, now and then, there has been a man or a woman who, while sinning against God in other ways, has obeyed his physical laws and has lived in this world to be old, such have almost universally been sour and misanthropic and bitter in spirit, a burden to themselves and to everybody else. It is only goodness springing from communion with God, only a life modeled after the perfect manhood of Jesus Christ, that comes to old age without loss of fervor or confidence.

It is not hard to find plenty of illustrations of Christian men who have come to their Pisgah in the same spirit and courage illustrated by Moses. Rev. John Parker, shortly before his death, voiced in a poem the sentiment and spirit of thousands of men, white-haired and fourscore years or more

young, who stand on Pisgah in all the glorious enthusiasm of their youth:

"A snow-rim on my brow,
But summer in my heart.
My feet are weary now—
Soon earth and I must part.
But God has made my pathway bright,
And now, at evening-time, there's light.

"A staff of easy grasp
Supports my yielding limb,
He bids my faith to clasp
Its hold and trust on him.
His love and will are my delight,
And, lo, at evening-time there's light.

"Like winter sun that shines
E'en through the cloudy rifts,
His love and favor now are mine.
Rich in my Father's gifts,
I may not fear, there is no night,
Behold, at evening-time there's light.

"My outer vision's dim,
My inward eye is clear,
My every thought of him
Disperses every fear.
I know life's outcome will be right,
For now, at evening-time, there's light.

"Some night, or morn, or noon,
Life's journey will be done,

Nor do I fear if soon
My endless life's begun.
Then, oh, the bliss of that first sight,
When path and pillow flame with light!"

A young American wrote to one of our papers on the death of that glorious man, Dr. Newman Hall, the great English preacher who died at an advanced age, a little incident of his coming in touch with that remarkable man. He was a boy, seventeen years of age, had been a Christian for a few months, and was on his way from the South of England to begin life in the great city of London. He had no friends there, and, as evening drew near, the sense of utter loneliness became almost overpowering. Just then the train stopped and two men walked down the platform, standing for a moment outside the compartment in low and earnest conversation. The guard unlocked the door and they came in, sat down, and continued their talk. One was much older than the other and seemed to be a clergyman. His dress gave one the impression that he was the minister of a small parish. His face was seamed and careworn, and the young man never forgot the sweetness of his smile.

These men were discussing neither politics nor business, men nor doctrines. They were talking of the privilege and experience of the higher Christian life. At a pause in the conversation the older

man looked at the boy and asked him if he were yet a follower of Christ. His face seemed to beam with joy when the young fellow answered yes, and he said, cordially: "Then you can join us—can you not?" And presently the boy felt that they had both taken him into their fellowship. The loneliness vanished as the mist before the sun.

The subject was "The Growth of the Soul," and the younger man asked many questions. As the answers came clearly and beautifully, the boy found himself venturing a question or two, and his new friend went on to show how often what man regards as the worst possible conditions are the most favorable for the soul's development. The young fellow asked how he might grow, and the aged minister smiled and said: "When you get to the great city, keep close to those who preach the Gospel to the poor." Then the train stopped again, and as they rose to go he handed the young fellow a tract, saying, "Here is a little tract on the Christian life. I hope you will like it, because I wrote it myself," and then he found that his friend was Dr. Newman Hall. In a moment he was gone and the young fellow was alone once more—yet not alone. That cold and sickening grip about his heart had loosened, and in its place was warmth and courage and a new sense of the divine Presence. He had been in the presence of a modern

Moses, who, to the last hour of life, had the glorious courage and good cheer of those who walk with God.

There is not one of us who are in the younger years of our lives but longs to grow old like that. When the evening shall come, we long to come to it not broken in spirit, not soured with the struggle, but, like Moses, full of sweetness and good cheer and eager courage. If we are to do that, we must begin now and set our ideal for that kind of a character, for we shall not build above and beyond our ambition.

I was driving one day through the outskirts of the Borough of the Bronx, in New York City, when I noticed a number of what seemed like great brick chimneys with iron caps over the tops, standing at regular intervals on either side of the road. I noticed that some were much taller than others, but at the top they seemed to be on a level with one another. I could not tell what they were for a while, but presently I came along to where some lots were being graded up to the level of the street on which I was driving, and I saw that one of these structures in a side street adjoining these lots was filled around to the top, and then I knew that they were hydrants, and that they had been put in, some of them several years ahead, so that when that part of the city was graded up they

would be ready in their places. They were prophecies showing how the whole level of the town was to be lifted up after a while.

Our ideals are like those hydrants. If they are high and noble, and we are struggling toward them with faithful purpose, they are the prophecy of what we are to be and mark the level to which our lives will some day rise.

The noblest ideal for any human life is that of Christian character. Jesus Christ stands before the world as the one altogether lovely human personality. Tho he was divine, yet he was human; tho he was God manifest in the flesh, yet he lived our human life and was tempted in all points like as we are, and has shown us how the power of God can keep a human heart pure and keep a human life noble and glorious, becoming ever more splendid until transplanted to the heaven above. And when we ask you to be a Christian it is an invitation to take Jesus Christ as your model, as your ideal, and with God's help to begin the struggle to be like him.

There is a beautiful Alpine flower in Switzerland known as the edelweiss. It is very beautiful and pure. It plays a part in a story very commonly told in Switzerland from parents to children. A Knight of the Cross was being tempted to do an evil deed. But he steadily refused. "I will not

stain my honor," he said. "I bear a noble name, a Knight of the Cross, and I will not sully its purity." But his tempter insisted, and finally they drew swords. There was a fierce battle just on the border of the snow field, and the Knight of the Cross was wounded unto death. As he died he lifted up his right hand toward heaven. "I care not if I die," he said. "I have served my God faithfully, and I have kept my honor white." And afterward, on the place where the knight died, the pure and spotless edelweiss—which means "white nobility" or "white honor"—sprang up.

I call you to be a Knight of the Cross. There is no higher order of service, nor any other so high in all the earth. Give yourself to this knighthood with simple and whole-hearted devotion, and whether your career shall lead you past riches or poverty, on to the hilltop of fame or through the forest of obscurity—wherever it leads, it will lead at last to the summit of Pisgah, and your good cheer and your hope and your faith and your love for God and man will be unabated, and life for you will have been a glorious victory.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

"So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Deut.* xxxiv. 5, 6.

I HAVE had some experience in following trails, being brought up on the frontier among the forests skirting the Pacific Ocean. From my earliest boyhood I knew what it was to take an interest in trails. As I grew older I learned how to trail the deer and the elk and many other wild animals. Still later, I learned to follow with interest the great buffalo trails and the Indian trails that had been trodden for centuries. I have followed trails across the mountains where it would be from fifty to a hundred miles between houses. I have found the trail covered up with fallen timber and rank undergrowth, have lost it, and slept out under the stars on the rocky crag of a mountain summit, to hunt it again in the morning, finding it with a glad cry of surprise; then following it with eager eyes and feet out of the somber gloom of the forest into civilization.

We have been following the trail of a great man. We began down in the valley of the Nile with "a baby's tears." We have followed on the trail of that child through the court of Egypt into the deserts that surround Mount Horeb. We have trailed him from "the burning bush" on the mountain slope back again to the palace of the Pharaohs. We have been on his track through the Red Sea. We have paused with him by the bitter waters of Marah, and rested with him in the shade of the palms of Elim. We have tracked him to the hill of Rephidim, where he watched the battle against Amalek. We have been with him on Mount Sinai. We have looked over his shoulder as he read the Ten Commandments that were written by the finger of God. We have seen his splendid indignation as he destroyed the golden calf, and been moved by the grandeur and sublimity of his unselfishness as he prayed God for the forgiveness of his people. We have been with him as he shaped the brazen serpent, type of the Christ who is lifted up to-day before all the world as the Savior who is ready to forgive us our sins. And so, step by step, we have followed on the trail of this great man, and now we have climbed to the summit of Mount Pisgah with him, and we follow as God leads him down to an open grave in the valley of Moab.

Back in the forests in British Columbia the lumbermen found the skeleton of a man at the foot of a tree. The man had evidently starved to death; but while he yet had strength enough to write he had torn a leaf from his diary and had written on it in bold letters and fastened it to the tree over his head, and there it still held when he was found long after. The writing was: "This is the end of the trail."

Humanly speaking, we have come to the end of the trail. And here is where all the trails end.

In the old times, before the settlements in the great Northwest, when the fur companies would establish here and there a great trading post and send out their trappers to all parts of the country, trails were made in every direction, but they all ended at the post. North, south, east, west, for hundreds of miles in every direction, along large rivers, following small streams into the mountains, crossing lakes, searching through deep canyons, the trails would wind, but you could begin a hundred miles away, on any one of them, and however devious its course might be, it would end at the trader's camp. The grave is the end of the trail of this world's life. A man may start where he will. He may climb the heights of wealth or traverse the deep canyons of poverty. He may follow up the mountains of hard struggle or paddle his

canoe on a stream of idleness. But when you get to the end of the trail, it is all the same. It is an open grave. Whether he brings many pelts there or few, how great or how small have been the spoils of his life chase is of no account, for the grave is too narrow to hold any of them. We brought nothing with us into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. God help us that we may learn over again the old, old lesson that we learn so often and forget so soon, that we are with rapid feet following the trail to the grave. As we go over the trail but once, we never know how near the end is. It may be a long way off. It may be just over the hill. It may be just round the corner yonder, so near that by a shout we could startle the grave-diggers.

Moses came to his death with sublime courage and confidence. The reason for this is an open secret. Many years before he had made the supreme choice of his life. He had chosen rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy for a season the pleasures of sin. And all the years of his experience since had but confirmed that great choice. He had given himself over to be guided by the Spirit of God. He had communed with God in joy and in sorrow, in hours of glorious victory and amid the gloom of stinging defeat; he had come to trust God with all his heart

and soul; with every drop of his blood he was sure that God meant him good. Now, tho his strength was unabated and his eye not dim and he must have had many natural desires to complete the work on which he had labored so long and to see his people safely housed in the promised land, he went without a word of complaint or of doubt to lay his body in the grave. Moses knew that the same God would be with him throughout all eternity. He knew that tho he laid his body aside, his soul would enjoy the divine communion forever. So he went down into the valley of shadows, lighted by the love of God who had given him the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night throughout all his wanderings.

My friend, if you want death to lose its sting and the grave to be robbed of its victory, you, too, must turn from the pleasures of sin and choose to give yourself to God as his child, to be guided and led by him. If you live in that divine communion you will not be afraid of "the shadow of death."

An old Scotch minister relates this touching and beautiful story:

"I was sitting in my study one Saturday evening, when a message came to me that one of the godliest among the shepherds who tended their flocks upon our Highland hills was dying, and wanted to see his minister. Without loss of time, I crossed the

wide heath to his comfortable little cottage. When I entered the low room I found the old shepherd propped up with pillows and breathing with such difficulty that it was apparent he was near his end.

"'Joan,' he said to his wife, 'gie the minister a stool, and leave us for a bit, for I wad see the minister alone.'

"As soon as the door was closed he turned the most pathetic pair of gray eyes upon me I ever looked into, and said, in a voice shaken with emotion: 'Minister, I'm dying, and—and I'm afraid!'

"I began at once to repeat the strongest promises with which God's Word furnishes us, but in the midst of them he stopped me.

"'I ken them a',' he said mournfully; 'I ken a', but, somehow, they dinna gie me comfort.'

"'Do you believe?'

"'Wi' a' my heart,' he replied, earnestly.

"'Where, then, is there any room for fear with such a saving faith?'

"'For a' that, minister, I'm afraid, I'm afraid.'

"I took up the well-worn Bible which lay on his bed, and turned to the Twenty-third Psalm. 'You remember the Twenty-third Psalm,' I began.

"'Remember it!' he said vehemently; 'I kenned it long before ye were born; ye needna read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside.'

"'But there is one verse which you have not taken in.'

"He turned upon me a half-reproachful and even stern look. 'Did I na tell ye I kenned it every word lang afore ye were born?'

"I slowly repeated the verse, '"Tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

"'You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while all the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?'

"'Frighten me?' he said quickly. 'Na, na! Davie Donaldson has Covenanters' bluid in his veins; neither shadow nor substance could weel frighten him.'

"'But did those shadows ever make you believe that you would not see the sun again, and that it was gone for ever?'

"'Na, na; I could not be sic a simpleton as that.'

"'Nevertheless, that is just what you are doing now.' He looked at me with incredulous eyes.

"'Yes,' I continued, 'the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of Righteousness, which shines all the same behind it; but it's only a shadow. Remember, that is what the

Psalmist calls it—a shadow that will pass; and, when it has passed, you will see the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory!'

"The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands, and for a few minutes maintained an unbroken silence; then, letting them fall straight on the coverlet, he said as if musing to himself: 'Aweel, aweel! I ha conned that verse a thousand times among the heather, and I never understood it so afore; afraid of a shadow, afraid of a shadow?' Then, turning upon me a face now bright with an almost supernatural radiance, he exclaimed, lifting his hands reverently to heaven: 'Ay, ay! I see it a' now. Death is only a shadow, with Christ behind it—a shadow that will pass. Na, na! I'm afraid nae mair.'"

The Christian has the blessed privilege of coming to the grave not as tho it were an unknown place, but with the certainty that Jesus Christ has been there before him. I remember once to have lost my way on the Blue Mountains in Eastern Oregon, with a friend who was my companion, and hunted for a long time to find our way out. But at last we came suddenly out of the dense thicket on to a trail with well-defined footprints leading to safety. One must have been in a case like that to appreciate the security of the feeling that somebody had been there before you, and you had only to

follow them to be led out of your difficulties. So every Christian may come to the grave knowing that he is following the footsteps of his divine Lord, that Christ went down into the grave and came up out of it again, victorious over it, and with the pledge that all who sleep in Jesus shall be like him in the blessed life beyond.

After the battle of Inkerman, in the Crimean War, some soldiers gathering up the dead for burial and the wounded for the hospital came upon the body of a young man who had drawn himself, being fatally wounded, to the shade of a tree, and was lying with his head upon his arm as if asleep. As they picked him up they heard something tear. Looking more closely they saw an open Bible upon which he had placed his bloody finger, and the congealed blood had carried with the finger a portion of the leaf. Scanning the scrap closely, one of them read aloud the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and with that text upon the finger of the dead Christian they buried him. My friend, how is it with you? Can you die with your finger on that text and with its blessed faith and hope in your heart?

I fear some would say: "There was a time when I could have met death like that, but I have lost the holy faith. Sin has come in and blotted it out. The pleasures and the cares of the world have

covered over the bright image of God in my soul." Friend, if that is so, I want to preach to you tonight of Jesus Christ, the great Restorer, who can restore the joys of salvation to your soul.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has recently recalled the story of the restoration of the portrait of Dante, which is painted upon the walls of the Bargello at Florence. For many years it was supposed that the picture had utterly perished. Men had heard of it, but no one living had ever seen it. But presently came an artist who was determined to find it again.

He went into the place where tradition said it had been painted. The room was used as a storehouse for lumber and straw. The walls were covered with whitewash. He had the heaps of rubbish carried away. Patiently and carefully he removed the whitewash from the walls. Lines and colors long hidden began to appear, and at last the grave, lofty, noble face of the great poet looked out again upon the world of light.

"That was wonderful!" you say. "That was beautiful!" But it was not half so wonderful as the work which Jesus Christ is doing in the hearts of men. If you will open the door of your heart to him, he will come into your soul, where passion and appetite and selfishness and wicked tempers

have had control, and he will restore the forgotten image of God.

But possibly some discouraged heart says: "I have been given over to sin so long that it is impossible for me to bring myself about into this new and holy life." But you are reckoning without Jesus. The greatest folly any man ever did was to attempt to live the Christian life without Christ. Christ is the Savior. Give your heart and soul to him, and he will transform your nature and strengthen you for holy living.

In a fisherman's home in the extreme northeast of Scotland is a picture of our Savior, and the fisherman thus tells its story: "I was way down with the drink, when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung this picture. I was sober then, and I said to the bartender: 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Savior.' I gave him all the money I had for it, and took it home. Then as I looked at it the words of my mother came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried: 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of all my sin?'"

No such prayer is ever unanswered. To-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. Upon being asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor, a look of exultation came over his face and he answered: "When such

a Savior comes into the heart, he takes the love of drink right out of it." Give your heart to Christ. Serve God while you live, and when you come to the end of the trail you will know that it is but the beginning of a still more glorious epoch in your existence.

MOSES THE IMMORTAL

"And, behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias: who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."—*Luke* ix. 30, 31.

WHAT a glorious transition! The last we saw of Moses was in the valley of Moab in an unknown grave. For a hundred and twenty years he had lived among men and wrought out his marvelously checkered career. He has spoken to the multitudes of listeners; he has but waved the rod in his hand, and faltering armies have gathered courage again to go forth to victory. He has stood before kings and mastered them. He has been on Mount Sinai and received the divine communication that will make him known for ever as the lawgiver for mankind. But now the multitudes are silent, the scenes of his glory have vanished, and he lies down like other old men before him in the grave. Bryant might well have thought of that lonely grave in the valley of Moab when in "Thanatopsis" he said:

"Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep; the dead reign there alone."

And so it was, down in that dark lonely valley of Moab, that we saw Moses go into a grave unmarked and unknown even to his nearest friends. But here we see him again in glory, in association with Elijah, coming on a visit to Jesus Christ to talk with him about the coming atonement for the

sins of the world; on this day when, for the moment, before the astonished gaze of his disciples, Jesus is to wear his heavenly robes on the Mount of Transfiguration. Moses has passed through the tunnel of death and has come out triumphant on the other side.

One dark morning in July a few years ago I left Lucerne in the center of the Alps on my journey from Switzerland into Italy. The morning could hardly have been more depressing. There was a drizzling rain and the fog clung like a heavy gray blanket over everything. About us was some of the most glorious scenery on earth. Snow-white mountains, beautiful lakes, wonderful waterfalls, quaint and picturesque homes and shrines everywhere; but they did not exist that morning for us. The fog shut out the world. Its heavy darkness clung close about us, so that we could not see more than a hundred feet or so from the railway track. Slowly we climbed up the mountain, sometimes going in and coming out, making a loop, always climbing toward the entrance to the great St. Gothard Tunnel, the greatest of its kind in the world; for there the railway train is hurled in twenty minutes through a tunnel twelve miles long, piercing the heart of a great mountain. Six thousand feet over your head are rock and ice and snow, and yet you ride safely through in comfort.

I can never forget the transition that day from the fog and gloom of the Swiss side of the St. Gothard to the sunlight and blue sky and glorious visions that greeted us on the Italian side. Out of the cold fog we climbed, through the dark tunnel, out into all the beauty and glory of Italian skies and the warm, gracious, sunny, Italian climate. Down around the lakes we ran, out upon the plain of Lombardy with its orange groves, and still on to the white glory of Milan Cathedral, and all the way there was naught but sunshine and blue sky and balmy breezes and glorious visions of loveliness. I have often thought that thus to the good man who, like Moses, has served God and been faithful to him, would be the transition from earth to heaven. Often through the clouds and fogs of weakness and of sickness, not seeing much about him, a man comes to the entrance of the grave. But out on the other side there is the sunshine of heaven, there is the clear air and the loving atmosphere of that land of love and joy; for "There is no night there," no eyes swollen with tears, no furrows made by pain, no wrinkles of care, no anxious looks born of hunger or fear, but everlasting peace and love abide there.

Moses, in this first and only glimpse we have of him after he has entered upon his immortality, gives us great comfort in that he makes certain the

fact that in our future life we shall not lose our identity, we shall not be swallowed up as to our individuality. Moses was still Moses, and Elijah was still Elijah, tho they had put off the earthly house in which they had dwelt and were clothed upon with spiritual bodies. This is exceedingly sweet to us, because it makes us sure of the recognition and enjoyment of our friends in heaven. How much it adds to the beauty and strength and glory of friendship! We are often separated from our friends here, and much of the sorrow of earth comes from that cause. But let us make much of every true and sincere friendship, helping our friends to the highest goodness and the noblest character, being sure that if our friendship is good enough to endure, death has no power to break the bonds, and we shall not only enjoy our friends in this life, but also in the eternal life beyond the gateway of death.

What an incentive there is here for those who have parted with loved ones who have met death strong in the faith of Christ to make sure of their own salvation! It is hard to conceive how any one can delay to become a Christian who has bidden farewell to a Christian father or mother, or who has resigned into the hands of Jesus a little child, dearer, it may be, that one's own life, and has turned for comfort to the words of the Savior,

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and ever afterward has thought of the little one as with Christ in heaven. Oh, if I speak to any one to-night who is living so inconsistently, I want to urge home upon your soul your great opportunity and privilege of yielding yourself to your divine Savior at this very time, and receiving such divine transformation of your own heart and spirit that you shall have the pledge of heaven and eternal life within you. It would be a terrible thing to cherish the memory of your loved ones who have slept in Jesus, and then at last come to die without hope. I can imagine nothing more terrible. Make it impossible by becoming a sincere and earnest Christian at once.

There is something very interesting in the fact that Peter and the other disciples were able to recognize Moses and Elijah tho they had never seen them while they were in the earthly body. It raises the thought whether when we enter heaven we shall not at once be able to recognize all those great spirits who have wrought on earth throughout the ages for the blessing of their fellow men. Did not Paul have in mind something like this in that wonderful love chapter in his first letter to the Corinthians when he said: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: for now I

know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known?" What a new interest the thought adds to the attraction of heaven. What a delightful thing it would be to recognize all the great saints in the world to come, whom we have learned by the study of their lives and work to know as tho we had seen them face to face. Undoubtedly there was something about Moses and Elijah which caused the disciples to know them. As another has said, it may have been some lingerings of the splendor which illumined their faces after communing with God, which some of the painters have tried to express by the familiar "horns of light"—we can not tell what it was, but it satisfied Peter that the forms none other than Moses and Elijah. Will there be nothing by which, in like manner, we shall recognize the heroic John the Baptist, or the Beloved were Disciple who laid his head upon Jesus' bosom at the Last Supper, or Mary the mother of Jesus, or that other Mary of Magdala? Will there be nothing to mark a painter like Fra Angelico, or Raphael, or Michael Angelo, or poets such as Dante, or Tasso, or Milton? It must surely be that marks of recognition in all who have witnessed for God in the minds of men or by their works will not be wanting. John Bunyan and John Wesley and Charles Wesley and Whitefield and all the glorious hosts who have been the evangels of the Christ—

shall we not know them when we see them? Yes, indeed; and our hearts will glow with the memories of the services they rendered us on earth, tho our eyes have never beheld their faces here.

What a radiant company it was on that mountain summit! Moses had once on Mount Sinai communed with God so intimately that when he went back into the valley he had to veil his shining face before the people could look upon it. And Elijah was so blessed of God that he did not see death, but God wrapped him around with a whirlwind of fire and carried him up to the skies with the chariots and horsemen of heaven. And now these two radiant-souled men come to speak with Jesus, and our Savior for the time permits the inner glory of his divine nature to shine through the fleshly body in which he lives, and is transfigured before his disciples. And what was the subject of conversation between these radiant souls? Oh, it was your salvation and mine. They talked of the coming sacrifice on the cross. They talked of the death which Jesus should die for the sins of the world. That was the great subject that brought Moses and Elijah down from heaven to converse with Jesus. My brother, if you are not saved it will not be because no one cares for your soul. God so loved you as to give Christ to die for you, and Jesus so loved you that he bore insult and agony and death

in your behalf, and glorified saints in heaven, like Moses and Elijah, were so interested that they could think of nothing else, and brooded over the path of the Son of God as he walked his self-sacrificing way which led to the cross on Calvary. All heaven is moving for your salvation. The Spirit of God follows you, arousing your conscience, quickening your heart, and calling you to repentance.

One significant fact here in this picture we must not fail to notice, and that is that while it reveals to us Moses, the Immortal and the Glorious, it shows that even Moses, the greatest man of the ages, is only a follower and a helper in the train of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, the Savior of the World. After a time Moses and Elijah retired, and then it was that there came the voice out of the heavens, saying: "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." And when the disciples looked, "they saw no man, save Jesus only." My friends, it is not Moses or Elijah, or good men now on earth, who can save our souls. There is only one name given among men whereby we can be saved, and that is the name of Jesus. It is at his name that every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Give your heart to Christ to-night, and then in the great day of his coming you shall meet him with infinite joy!

Books by

DR. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

Christ and His Friends.

A Collection of Revival Sermons, Simple and Direct, and Wholly Devoid of Oratorical Artifice, but Rich in Natural Eloquence, and Burning with Spiritual Fervor. The author has strengthened and enlivened them with many illustrations and anecdotes. 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Top, Rough Edges. Price, $1.50; post-free.

National Presbyterian, Indianapolis: "One of the most marked revivals attended their delivery, resulting in hundreds of conversions. Free from extravagance and fantasticism, in good taste, dwelling upon the essentials of religious faith, their power has not been lost in transference to the printed page."

New York Observer: "These sermons are mainly hortatory . . . always aiming at conviction or conversion. They abound in fresh and forcible illustrations. . . . They furnish a fine specimen of the best way to reach the popular ear, and may be commended as putting the claims of the Gospel upon men's attention in a very direct and striking manner. No time is wasted in rhetorical ornament, but every stroke tells upon the main point."

The Fisherman and His Friends.

A Companion Volume to "Christ and His Friends," consisting of Thirty-one Stirring Revival Discourses, full of Stimulus and Suggestion for Ministers, Bible class Teachers, and all Christian Workers and Others who Desire to become Proficient in the Supreme Capacity of Winning Souls to Christ. They furnish a rich store of fresh spiritual inspiration, their subjects being strong, stimulating, and novel in treatment, without being sensational or elaborate. They were originally preached by the author in a successful series of revival meetings, which resulted in many conversions. 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Top. Price, $1.50; post-free.

Bishop John F. Hurst: "It is a most valuable addition to our devotional literature."

New York Independent: "There is no more distinguished example of the modern people's preacher in the American pulpit to-day than Dr. Banks. *This volume fairly thrills and rocks with the force injected into its utterance.*"

Paul and His Friends.

A companion volume to "Christ and His Friends," "The Fisherman and His Friends," and "John and His Friends," being similarly bound and arranged. The book contains thirty-one stirring revival sermons delivered in a special series of revival services at the First M. E. Church, Cleveland. 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Top, Rough Edges. Price, $1.50.

Inter Ocean, Chicago: "The addresses are markedly practical, eloquent, earnest, and persuasive. Dr. Banks will especially interest the young. His illustrations are apt and pointed, and he gathers his facts from the wide range of literature past and present."

John and His Friends.

Thirty-three clear, straight, and forceful revival sermons, texts from the Gospel of John. They are of the same general character and excellence as the sermons contained in the three preceding volumes of this series. A companion volume to "Paul and His Friends," "The Fisherman and His Friends," and "Christ and His Friends." 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Top, Rough Edges, 297 pages. Cover Design in Gold, Bronze, and Black. Price, $1.50.

The Burlington Hawk-Eye, Burlington, Iowa: "A very gracious revival of religion was awakened by their delivery."

The Bookseller Newsdealer, and Stationer, New York: "Those who have read Dr. Banks's previous books need not be told that these sermons are original and practical and full of interesting illustrations and anecdotes."

Philadelphia Evening Item: "Revival literature has seldom if ever received so large a contribution from one man."

David and His Friends.

Thirty-one forceful revival sermons similar in general character to those in the preceding volumes of the "Friends" series. Texts from Samuel and the Psalms. A companion volume to "Christ and His Friends," etc. 12mo, Cloth, 320 pages, Gilt Top, Rough Edges. Price $1.50.

The Christian Guide, Louisville: "Will be sure of a hearty welcome from a multitude of preachers and religious workers who have found the preceding volumes so helpful and inspiring."

The Outlook, New York: "Evangelical, ethical, pointed with apt personal interest and narrative, every one of these sermons is a well-aimed arrow."

Chicago Times-Herald: "The sermons are not in the least orations, nor is their power in formal argument. It is rather in the power there is in statement and in pertinent illustration."

Hartford Courant: "These are the sort of sermons to be read at home, or even by a lay reader in the absence of the clergyman, for they are sufficiently graphic to dispense with a personal exponent."

The Christian Advocate, Detroit: "They are practical and are illustrated with everyday incidents. The author finds very striking subjects for his discourses.

Anecdotes and Morals.

Five hundred and fifty-nine attractive and forceful lessons which may be profitably utilized by the public speaker to freshly illustrate divine truth. They are almost entirely composed of incidents, happening throughout the world within the past few months. 12mo, Buckram, Gilt Top, Uncut Edges, 463 pages. Price, $1.50.

Boston Journal: "More than half a thousand anecdotes, some witty, all pointed and instructive, make up this unusual book. His anecdotes all have a purpose, and are prettily expressed."

The Globe-Democrat, St. Louis: "The index to the contents and the system of cross-references make the stories immediately available to whomever wishes to use them in illustration."

The Lutheran Observer, Lancaster, Pa.: "They are aptly related and always enforce the truths intended."

Herald and Presbyter, Cincinnati: "Altho there are so many selections, each new page contains some original lessons and a constant variety is maintained throughout."

The Christian Observer, Louisville, Ky.: "In this collection are found many anecdotes that are striking, well put, and in good taste."

Poetry and Morals.

Clear, straight, and forceful lessons emphasized by familiar passages of prose and poetry. The author has arranged several hundred simple truths in paragraphs appropriately headed in full-face type. The truths are explained in a few terse sentences, and then a verse, entire poem, or prose selection having direct bearing on the truth is added, forming a perfect storehouse of suggestive material for the preacher and writer. A companion volume to "Anecdotes and Morals." 12mo, Cloth, 399 Pages, $1.50.

A Year's Prayer-Meeting Talks.

Fifty-two suggestive and inspiring talks for prayer-meetings. Helpful material is provided for a whole year's weekly meetings. The talks have been already used by Dr. Banks in a most successful series of services. The author's well-known skill in presenting the old truths in bright and striking ways is evidenced in these interesting talks. The book is designed to be a right-hand aid for preachers and religious workers. 12mo, Cloth. Price $1.00.

Christian Work, New York: "The reader will be sure to be attracted and helped by such talks as these."

Baptist Outlook, Indianapolis: "Anecdotes, stories, bright similes, and poetical quotations enliven the talks."

Boston Times: "The subjects are treated in original ways, but never in a sensational or unwholesome manner."

On the Trail of Moses.

Thirty-one revival sermons revealing a wealth of suggestions and illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, gilt top, rough edges. $1.20.

Christian Index: "Dr. Banks has great facility in expressing themes that are pertinent to the lives people actually live, and his command of effective illustration is exceptional."

Lutheran Observer, Philadelphia: "One wonders at the variety of practical subjects all bearing on the every-day problems and needs of present-day life that he finds in the story of the great law-giver. The preacher will find in them a rich mine of illustrated material of a sort that really illumines."

The Unexpected Christ.

A series of thirty evangelistic sermons written in Dr. Banks's characteristic style. 12mo, Cloth, 328 pp. $1.50.

Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, D.D., LL.D.: "These sermons abound in hints, suggestions, and illustrations that will be helpful to the preacher."

Twentieth Century Knighthood.

Helpful addresses to young men in which examples of ancient chivalry are used to illustrate modern conditions. A companion volume to "The Christian Gentleman" and "My Young Man." 12mo, Cloth, 142 pp. 75 cents.

Herald and Presbyter, St. Louis: "It forms an irresistible appeal to young men to become, in very truth, twentieth century knights."

The Detroit Free Press: "The book abounds in pertinent anecdotes illustrating the virtues and beauties of a lofty Christian standard of manhood, and appeals to the highest and noblest qualities in young men, which may well be strengthened and developed by its perusal."

The Literary World, Boston: "Ten short practical appeals to the young men of the time to carry into modern life the instincts and principles which made chivalry what it was in the middle ages, with especial emphasis on sexual purity, temperance, and reverence for women."

Windows for Sermons.

A study of the art of sermonic illustration with 400 fresh illustrations suited for sermons and reform addresses. 12mo, Cloth, 440 pp. $1.20.

Western Presbyterian: "The illustrations should be worth many times the price of the book to the hard worked pastor."

Boston Journal: "This bulky volume contains a multitude of bright, practical ideas."

The Standard, Chicago: "The illustrations given are fresh, suggestive, and original, and will be found valuable to the preacher and lecturer."

Baltimore Methodist: "No minister of the gospel or other speaker on great moral problems will ever regret the purchase of this book."

The Christian Gentleman.

A volume of original and practical addresses to young men. The addresses were originally delivered to large and enthusiastic audiences of men, in Cleveland, at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. 12mo, Buckram. Price, 75 cents.

My Young Man.

Practical and straightforward talks to young men. They are devoted to the consideration of the young man in his relationships as a son, a brother, a member of society, a lover, a husband, a citizen, a young man and his money, and the young man as himself. 12mo, Cloth, Cover Design. Price, 75 cents.

Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis, Mo.: "There are ten of them — brief, pointed, practical, luminous with illustrations and with poetical citations."

Hero Tales from Sacred Story.

The romantic stories of bible characters retold in graphic style, with modern parallels and striking applications. Richly illustrated with 19 full-page illustrations from famous paintings. 12mo, Cloth, Gilt Top, Cover Design. Price, $1.50.

Christian Work, New York: "One can not imagine a bette book to put into the hands of a young man or young woman than this."

The Saloon-Keeper's Ledger.

The business and financial side of the drink question. 12mo, Cloth. Price, 75 cents.

The Christian Herald, Detroit: "The discourses are the masterpieces of an expert, abounding in apt illustrations and invincible logic, sparkling with anecdote, and scintillating with unanswerable facts."

Sermon Stories for Boys and Girls.

Short Stories of great interest, with which are interwoven lessons of practical helpfulness for young minds. 12mo, Cloth, Artistic Cover Design, Illustrated. Price, $1.00.

Christian Advocate, New York: "They are expressed in the freshness and simplicity of child language."

The Burlington Hawk-Eye: "He catches the eyes and ears of his hearers by bright little stories about animals, events in current life, and interesting features of nature, and then with rare skill, makes each of these stories carry a helpful message."

Globe, Toronto, Canada: "There are quickening tales told of Lincoln's humanity, and one of General Lee, who imperilled his life under fire by pausing to replace a nest of young birds dislodged by a shell."

Religious Herald, Hartford, Conn.: "The book is a character guide-book which must prove of inestimable assistance to mothers, teachers, and pastors."

Seven Times Around Jericho.

Seven Strong and Stirring Temperance Discourses, in which Deep Enthusiasm is Combined with Rational Reasoning—A Refreshing Change from the Conventional Temperance Arguments. Pathetic incidents and stories are made to carry most convincingly their vital significance to the subjects discussed. They treat in broad manner various features of the question. 12mo, Handsomely Bound in Polished Buckram. Price, 75 cents.

Herald and Presbyter, Cincinnati: "The book is sure to be a power for good. The discourses have the true ring."

Jersey City News: "Such able discourses as these of Dr. Banks will wonderfully help the great work of educating and arousing the people to their duty."

Revival Quiver.

A Pastor's Record of Four Revival Campaigns. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

This book is, in some sense, a record of personal experiences in revival work. It begins with "Planning for a Revival," followed by "Methods in Revival Work." This is followed by brief outlines of some hundred or more sermons. They have points to them, and one can readily see that they were adapted to the purpose designed. The volume closes with "A Scheme of City Evangelization." It seems to us a valuable book, adapted to the wants of many a preacher and pastor.

White Slaves; or, The Oppression of the Worthy Poor.

Fifty Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

The Rev. Dr. Banks has made a personal and searching investigation into the homes of the poorer classes, and in the "White Slaves" the results are given. The work is illustrated from photographs taken by the author; and the story told by pen and camera is startling. It should be borne in mind that the author's visits were made to the homes of the worthy poor, who are willing to work hard for subsistence, and not to the homes of the criminal and vicious.

The Christ Dream.

12mo, Cloth, $1.20.

A series of twenty-four sermons in which illustrations of the Christ ideal are thrown upon the canvas, showing here and there individuals who have risen above the selfish, and measure up to the Christ dream. In tone it is optimistic, and sees the bright side of life.

Common Folks' Religion.

A Volume of Sermons. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

Boston Journal: "Dr. Banks presents Christ to the 'common people,' and preaches to every-day folk the glorious every-day truths of the Scripture. The sermons are original, terse, and timely, full of reference to current topics, and have that earnest quality which is particularly needed to move the people for whom they were spoken."

The People's Christ.

A Volume of Sermons and Other Addresses and Papers. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.

New York Observer: "These sermons are excellent specimens of discourses adapted to reach the masses. Their manner of presenting Christian truth is striking. They abound in all kinds of illustration, and are distinguished by a bright, cheerful tone and style, which admirably fit them for making permanent impression."

Heavenly Trade-Winds.

A Volume of Sermons. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25.

From author's preface: "The sermons included in this volume have all been delivered in the regular course of my ministry in the Hanson-Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. They have been blessed of God in confronting the weary, giving courage to the faint, arousing the indifferent, and awakening the sinful."

The Honeycombs of Life.

A Volume of Sermons. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

Most of the discourses are spiritual honeycombs, means of refreshment and illumination by the way. "The Soul's Resources," "Cure for Anxiety," "At the Beautiful Gate," "The Pilgrimage of Faith," and "Wells in the Valley of Baca," are among his themes. The volume is well laden with evangelical truth, and breathes a holy inspiration. This volume also includes Dr. Banks's Memorial tribute to Lucy Stone and his powerful sermon in regard to the Chinese in America, entitled "Our Brother in Yellow."

Immortal Hymns and Their Story.

The Narrative of the Conception and Striking Experiences of Blessing Attending the Use of some of the World's Greatest Hymns. With 21 Portraits and 25 full-page half-tone illustrations by NORVAL JORDAN. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top, $3.00.

An Oregon Boyhood.

The story of Dr. Banks's boyhood in Oregon in the pioneer days, including innumerable dramatic, romantic, and exciting experiences of frontier life. 12mo, Cloth. Tastefully bound and printed. Illustrated. Price $1.25.

FORCEFUL SPEAKING BY NEW METHODS

THE ESSENTIALS OF ELOCUTION

Revised, Enlarged, New Matter

By ALFRED AYRES

Author of "The Orthoepist," "The Verbalist," etc., etc.

A unique and valuable guide on the art of speaking the language so as to make the thought it expresses clear and impressive. It is a departure from the old and conventional methods which have tended so often to make mere automatons on the platform or stage instead of animated souls.

HIGHLY PRAISED BY AUTHORITIES

"It is worth more than all the ponderous philosophies on the subject."—*The Lutheran Observer.*

"It is a case where brevity is the soul of value."—*The Rochester Herald.*

"His suggestions are simple and sensible."—*The Congregationalist.*

"An unpretentious but really meritorious volume."—*Dramatic Review.*

"Mr. Ayres has made this subject a study for many years, and what he has written is worth reading."—*The Dramatic News.*

"It is brightly written and original."—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

16mo, Cloth, 174 Pages, Tasteful Binding, Deckle Edges. With Frontispiece. 75 cents

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
NEW YORK AND LONDON

HOW TO ENJOY THE ECSTASY THAT ACCOMPANIES SUCCESSFUL SPEAKING

Before An Audience

OR

THE USE OF THE WILL IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

By NATHAN SHEPPARD

Talks to the Students of the University of St. Andrew and the University of Aberdeen.

This is not a book on elocution, but it deals in a practical common-sense way with the requirements and constituents of effective public speaking.

CAPITAL, FAMILIAR, AND RACY

"I shall recommend it to our three schools of elocution. It is capital, familar, racy, and profoundly philosophical."—*Joseph T. Duryea, D.D.*

REPLETE WITH PRACTICAL SENSE

"It is replete with practical sense and sound suggestions, and I should like to have it talked into the students by the author."—*Prof. J. H. Gilmore*, Rochester University.

"KNOCKS TO FLINDERS" OLD THEORIES

"The author knocks to flinders the theories of elocutionist, and opposes all their rules with one simple counsel: 'Wake up your will.'"—*The New York Evangelist.*

TO REACH, MOVE, AND INFLUENCE MEN

"He does not teach elocution, but the art of public speaking. . . . Gives suggestions that will enable one to reach and move and influence men."—*The Pittsburg Chronicle.*

12mo, Cloth, 152 Pages. Price, 75 cents

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers

NEW YORK AND LONDON

Books by A. T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

"Dr. Schofield is a good example of the highest type of modern physician, broad-minded, scientific, clear-headed, and equipped with an enormous fund of information bearing upon the subjects of which he writes."—*Good Health*, New York.

Nerves in Disorder

This book seeks to dispel ignorance regarding all functional nerve diseases and to set forth scientific principles for successfully treating these troubles.

12mo, Cloth, 218 Pages. $1.50, Post-paid.

The Force of Mind

The action of the mind in the cause and cure of many disorders is considered in this book from new and scientific standpoints.

12mo, Cloth, 347 Pages. $2.00, Post-paid.

Springs of Character

This work gives the latest scientific information on the sources and qualities of character, showing the importance of character and the soundest principles for its development.

8vo, Cloth, 259 Pages. $1.50, Post-paid.

The Unconscious Mind

A study into the mysteries of the mind and their relations to physical and psychical life, containing the latest scientific research on the subject.

8vo, Cloth, 451 Pages. $2.00, Post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
NEW YORK AND LONDON

Just the Right Word To make the desired meaning clear and exact; to make a contrast sharp and strong — also the correct use of prepositions shown by illustrative examples.

English Synonyms, Antonyms, *and* Prepositions

Companion Volume to "Connectives of English Speech"

By JAMES C. FERNALD, L.H.D.

Editor "Students' Standard Dictionary," Editor Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions in the Standard Dictionary

More than 7,500 classified and discriminated synonyms. Nearly 4,500 classified antonyms. Correct use of prepositions clearly shown by illustrative examples. Hints and helps on the accurate use of words, revealing surprising possibilities of fulness, freedom, and variety of utterance.

Superior to Any Other Work of the Kind

President Cochran, of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, says: "I do not hesitate to say that there is no book yet offered . . . which is its equal in imparting a mastery of words. The difference in meaning which are so evident and yet so illusive as to make it very difficult to express in words, Mr. Fernald has succeeded in making with wonderful ability. The discriminations are acute, exact, and expressed in a manner intelligible to ordinary students in our high schools and colleges. . . . This book will do more to secure rhetorical perspicuity—propriety and precision of expression—*than any other text-book of higher English yet produced.*"

Uniform Size and Style with "Connectives of English Speech."
12mo, Cloth, 574 pp. $1.50, net

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
NEW YORK AND LONDON

Just what you want to know about the correct use of Prepositions, Conjunctions, Relative Pronouns, and Adverbs is provided in concise, handy form, with illustrative examples, in this work.

Connectives of English Speech

Companion Volume to "English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions"

By JAMES C. FERNALD, L.H.D.

Editor of "The Standard Dictionary," "English Synonyms and Antonyms," etc.

Giving the definitions with the correct usage of these parts of speech so far as pertains to their office as connectives in the construction of English phrases and sentences; indicating such prepositions as should be used after verbs and those concerning which questions are likely to arise; with numerous quotations sustaining the decisions as to correct or incorrect usage.

"The topic of connecting words is one of extreme importance in the study of language, and Mr. Fernald's book is decidedly worth while."—*The Republican*, Springfield.

"In this valuable manual the reader, the writer, and the teacher will find on the instant an admirable solution for ten thousand difficulties. The arrangement is simplicity itself, and the treatment lucid and convenient."—*Public Leager*, Phila.

"He points distinctions clearly, shows the common errors, and gives many examples drawn from a great variety of sources."—*Public Opinion*, New York.

Uniform Size and Style with "English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions." 12mo, Cloth. 334 pp. $1.50, net

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers,
NEW YORK AND LONDON